SYLVÆ:

OR, THE

Second Part

OF

POETICAL Miſcellanies.

——Non deficit alter
Aureus; & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo. Virg.

The Second Edition.

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PREFACE.

For this last half Year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose fits of it, (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the History of the League; the hot, (which succeeded them) in this Volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to my self a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxism; never suspecting but that the humour wou'd have wasted it self in two or three Pastorals of Theocritus, *and as many Odes of* Horace. *But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd my self to renew my old acquaintance with* Lucretius *and* Virgil; *and immediately fix'd upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the undertaking: But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord* Roscomon's Essay *on translated Verse, which made me uneasie till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry, is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks; very specious in*

the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally obſerv'd his inſtructions; I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, is to confeſs no leſs a vanity than to pretend that I have at leaſt in ſome places made Examples to his Rules. Yet withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commiſſion; for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my Authors, as no Dutch *Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcover'd ſome beauty yet undiſcover'd by thoſe Pedants, which none but a Poet cou'd have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their Expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the* Greek *or* Latin, *wou'd not appear ſo ſhining in the* Engliſh: *And where I have enlarg'd them, I deſire the falſe Criticks wou'd not always think that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are ſecretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him: or at leaſt, if both thoſe conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an* Engliſhman, *they are ſuch, as he wou'd probably have written.*

For, after all, a Tranſlator is to make his Author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himſelf. Tranſlation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like,

the

the Proportions exact, the Colouring it ſelf perhaps tolerable, and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without ſome indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much leſs can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, *and ſome others whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, ſo abus'd, as I may ſay to their Faces by a botching Interpreter. What* Engliſh *Readers unacquainted with* Greek *or* Latin *will believe me or any other Man, when we commend thoſe Authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame Poets, whom our* Ogleby's *have Tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good Poet is no more like himſelf, in a dull Tranſlation, than his Carcaſs would be to his living Body. There are many who underſtand* Greek *and* Latin, *and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the* Engliſh *are known to few; 'tis impoſſible even for a good Wit, to underſtand and practice them without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good Authors we have amongſt us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt company of both Sexes; and in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt which he contracted, while he was laying in a ſtock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of* Engliſh, *and critically to diſcern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper ſtile from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is*

vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men, take up some cry'd-up English *Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary that a Man shou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile; but he must be a Master of them too: He must perfectly understand his Authors Tongue, and absolutely command his own: So that to be a thorow Translatour, he must be a thorow Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Authors sence, in good* English, *in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers: For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few Translatours have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you wou'd interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the Style and Versification of* Virgil *and* Ovid, *are very different: Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did*

not

not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to judge by the Copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble Painter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sate to him. In such Translatours I can easily distinguish the hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you, (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets in this Volume; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd, the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I look'd on Virgil, as a succinct and grave Majestick Writer; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every Word and Syllable. Who was still aiming to crowd his sence into as narrow a compass as possibly he cou'd; for which reason he is so very Figurative, that he requires, (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the very thing in your Ears, whose sence it bears: Yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the versification,

and little variety of Claudian, *is included within the compaſs of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſence at the end of a Verſe, and that Verſe commonly which they call golden, or two Subſtantives and two Adjectives with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace.* Ovid *with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of Numbers and ſound as he: He is always as it were upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verſe runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids like the other all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word: So that minding only ſmoothneſs, he wants both Variety and Majeſty. But to return to* Virgil, *though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is requir'd, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it. Frequently makes uſe of Synalæpha's, and concludes his ſence in the middle of his Verſe. He is every where above conceipts of Epigrammatick Wit, and groſs Hyperboles: He maintains Majeſty in the midſt of plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of* Lucan. *I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular conſideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of* Virgil, *I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but muſt confeſs to my ſhame, that I have not been able to Tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf. For where the*

Original

Original is close, no Version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's *in the* Italian, *is the neareſt, the moſt Poetical, and the moſt Sonorous of any Tranſlation of the* Æneids; *yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verſe, he commonly allows two Lines for one of* Virgil, *and does not always hit his ſence.* Taſſo *tells us in his Letters, that* Sperone Speroni, *a great* Italian *Wit, who was his Contemporary, obſerv'd of* Virgil *and* Tully; *that the* Latin *Oratour, endeavour'd to imitate the Copiouſneſs of* Homer *the* Greek *Poet; and that the* Latin *Poet, made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of* Demoſthenes *the* Greek *Oratour.* Virgil *therefore being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern Tongue: To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to Tranſlate him Line for Line is impoſſible; becauſe the* Latin *is naturally a more ſuccinct Language, than either the* Italian, Spaniſh, French, *or even than the* Engliſh, *(which by reaſon of its Monoſyllables is far the moſt compendious of them)* Virgil *is much the cloſeſt of any* Roman *Poet, and the* Latin *Hexameter, has more Feet than the* Engliſh *Heroick.*

Beſides all this, an Author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a Tranſlatour has not; he is confin'd by the ſence of the Inventor to thoſe expreſſions, which are the neareſt to it: So that Virgil *ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own Language, cou'd bring thoſe words into a narrow compaſs, which a Tranſlatour cannot render without Circomlocutions. In ſhort they who have call'd him the*

torture

torture of Grammarians, might also have call'd him the plague of Translatours; for he seems to have studied not to be Translated. I own that endeavouring to turn his Nisis *and* Euryalus *as close as I was able; I have perform'd that* Episode *too literally; that giving more scope to* Mezentius *and* Lausus, *that Version which has more of the Majesty of* Virgil, *has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for my self, is only that I have done both, better than* Ogleby, *and perhaps as well as* Caro. *So, that methinks I come like a Malefactor, to make a Speech upon the Gallows, and to warn all other Poets, by my sad example, from the Sacrilege of Translating* Virgil. *Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied my self.*

He who excells all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord Roscomon *justly observes approaches neareſt to the* Roman *in its Majesty: Neareſt indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in* Virgil's *words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force; this Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied, and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our Language,*

guage, and the haſtineſs of my performance wou'd allow. I may ſeem ſometimes to have varied from his ſence; but I think the greateſt variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I underſtand him better: At leaſt I Writ without conſulting them in many places. But two particular Lines in Mezentius and Lauſus, I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe; they are indeed remotely ally'd to Virgils ſence; but they are too like the trifling tenderneſs of Ovid; and were Printed before I had conſider'd them enough to alter them: The firſt of them I have forgotten, and cannot eaſily retrieve, becauſe the Copy is at the Preſs: The ſecond is this;

—When *Lauſus* dy'd, I was already ſlain.

This appears pretty enough at firſt ſight, but I am convinc'd for many reaſons, that the expreſſion is too bold, that Virgil wou'd not have ſaid it, though Ovid wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he pleaſe, for the freeneſs of the confeſſion; and inſtead of that, and the former, admit theſe two Lines which are more according to the Author,

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that deſign;
As I had us'd my Fortune, uſe thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to conſider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have Tranſlated more happily in thoſe parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the beſt age of Roman Poetry, he was at leaſt

of

of that which preceded it; and he himself refin'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the Language and the thoughts, that he left an easie task to Virgil; *who as he succeeded him in time, so he Copy'd his excellencies: for the method of the* Georgicks *is plainly deriv'd from him.* Lucretius *had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see* Virgil *has imitated with great success, in those four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their kind, than even his Divine* Æneids. *The turn of his Verse he has likewise follow'd, in those places which* Lucretius *has most labour'd, and some of his very Lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of* Lucretius; *(I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron* Memmius. *For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him; and using a Magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of* Malmsbury. *This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by* Lucretius; *who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal* bonâ fide *with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our* Hobbs, *who cou'd not but be convinc'd,*

or at least doubt of some eternal Truths which he has oppos'd. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before hand with his Antagonists; Urging for them, whatever he imagin'd they cou'd say, and leaving them as he supposes, without an objection for the future. All this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he cou'd have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct in his Systeme of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a Materialist, and teaching him to d fie an invisible power: In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I lay'd by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concerning the mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot if I wou'd believe them.

them. I think a future ſtate demonſtrable even by natural Arguments; at leaſt to take away rewards and puniſhments, is only a pleaſing proſpect to a Man who reſolves before hand not to live morally. But on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden unſupportable to a vertuous Man, even though a Heathen. We naturally aim at happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the ſhortneſs of our preſent Being, eſpecially when we conſider that vertue is generally unhappy in this World, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the exceſſes to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be uncapable of puniſhment after he is dead! if he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of morality to reſtrain him: For Fame and Reputation are weak ties; many men have not the leaſt ſence of them: Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their intereſt, and that not always when a paſſion is predominant; and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them. Theſe are my thoughts abſtractedly, and without entring into the Notions of our Chriſtian Faith, which is the proper buſineſs of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into Engliſh,*) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are ſtrong enough to a reaſonable Man, to make him leſs in love with Life, and conſequently in leſs apprehenſions of Death.*

Such

Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him uncapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others; these and many other reasons so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully expres's'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the Prosopopeia *of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review, of any thing I have done in this Author.*

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing *the Nature of Love, from the Fourth Book of* Lucretius: *And I can less easily answer why I Translated it, than why I thus Translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively, and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first place, without the least Formality of an excuse, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worst they can of this Confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my Authors Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which reasons I Translated him.*

him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luſcious Engliſh, *(for I will not give it a worſe word:) inſtead of an Anſwer, I wou'd ask again of my Supercilious Adverſaries, whether I am not bound when I Tranſlate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to tranſlate him to the beſt advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am ſatisfi'd was honeſt and inſtructive, I had either omitted ſome part of what he ſaid, or taken from the ſtrength of his expreſſion, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freeneſs of thought and words, being thus caſhier'd in my hands, he had no longer been* Lucretius. *If nothing of this kind be to be read, Phyſicians muſt not ſtudy Nature, Anatomies muſt not be ſeen, and ſomewhat I cou'd ſay of particular paſſages in Books, which to avoid prophaneſs I do not name: But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my Authors were to inſtruct as well as pleaſe. 'Tis moſt certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the pooreſt pretence to wit imaginable: If I ſhou'd ſay otherwiſe, I ſhou'd have two great Authorities againſt me: The one is the Eſſay on Poetry, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the commendation of which, my Lord* Roſcomon *ſo happily begins his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe: The other is no leſs than our admir'd* Cowley; *who ſays the ſame thing in other words: For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it;*

Much leſs can that have any place
At which a Virgin hides her Face:

Such

Such droſs the fire muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The Author bluſh, there where the Reader muſt.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley *goes farther than the Eſſay; for he aſſerts plainly that obſcenity has no place in Wit; the other only ſays, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill ſort of Wit, which has nothing more to ſupport it than bare-fac'd Ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in it ſelf, and fulſome to the Reader. But neither of theſe will reach my caſe: For in the firſt place, I am only the Tranſlatour, not the Inventor; ſo that the heavieſt part of the cenſure falls upon* Lucretius, *before it reaches me: In the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the groſſeſt words; but the cleanlieſt Metaphors we cou'd find, to palliate the broadneſs of the meaning; and to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philoſophical exacted. There is one miſtake of mine which I will not lay to the Printers charge, who has enough to anſwer for in falſe printings: 'Tis in the word* Viper: *I wou'd have the Verſe run thus,*

The Scorpion, Love, muſt on the wound be
bruis'd.

There are a ſort of blundering half witted people, who make a great deal of noiſe about a Verbal ſlip; though Horace *wou'd inſtruct them better in true Criticiſm:* Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parùm cavit natura. *True Judgment in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the*

whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge; 'tis a sign that malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill natur'd Generation of Scriblers, there is always Justice enough left in Mankind, to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each others cause, against false Critics, who are the common Enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Translatour of Lucretius; *I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago: The ways of our Translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done; which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem. I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he us'd my method in so long a work, and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to Translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I joyn with Mr.* Evelyn *in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him; that his Reputation is already establish'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if* Lucretius *himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent*

Annotations,

Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace *and* Theocritus *upon my hands; but the* Greek *Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the* Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus *from all other Poets, both* Greek *and* Latin, *and which raises him even above* Virgil *in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions; and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and* Virgil, *as there is betwixt* Tasso's Aminta, *and the Pastor* Fido *of* Guarini. Virgil's *Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of* Epicurus *and of* Plato; *and* Guarini's *seem to have been bred in Courts. But* Theocritus *and* Tasso, *have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was said of* Tasso, *in relation to his similitudes,* Mai ci see del Bosco: *That he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his Comparisons were taken from the Country: The same may be said, of our* Theocritus; *he is softer than* Ovid, *he touches the passions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own* Fond, *without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a supply. Even his Dorick Dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdess in her Country Russet, talking in a* York-

ſhire *Tone. This was impoſſible for* Virgil *to imitate; becauſe the ſeverity of the* Roman *Language denied him that advantage.* Spencer *has endeavour'd it in his Shepherds Calender; but neither will it ſucceed in* Engliſh, *for which reaſon I forbore to attempt it, For* Theocritus *writ to* Sicilians, *who ſpoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Tranſlations to our Ladies, who neither underſtand, nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions. I proceed to* Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyriſt, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them; For let his Dutch *Commentatours ſay what they will, his Philoſophy was Epicurean; and he made uſe of Gods and Providence, only to ſerve a turn in Poetry. But ſince neither his Criticiſms (which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond* Juvenals, *if to laugh and rally, is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my preſent undertaking, I confine my ſelf wholly to his Odes: Theſe are alſo of ſeveral ſorts; ſome of them are Panegyrical, others Moral, the reſt Jovial, or (if I may ſo call them)* Bacchanalian. *As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate* Pindar, *yet in his moſt elevated flights, and in the ſudden changes of his Subject with almoſt imperceptible connexions, that* Theban *Poet is his Maſter. But* Horace *is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of Verſe, or Stanza in every Ode. That which will diſtinguiſh his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the numerouſneſs*

rousneſs of his Verſe; there is nothing ſo delicately turn'd in all the Roman Language. There appears in every part of his Diction, or, (to ſpeak English) in all his Expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are choſen with as much exactneſs as Virgils; but there ſeems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a ſecret Happineſs attends his Choice, which in Petronius is call'd Curiota Felicitas, and which I ſuppoſe be had from the Feliciter audere of Horace himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his Character, ſeems to me, to be his Briskneſs, his Jollity, and his good Humour: And thoſe I have chiefly endeavour'd to Copy; his other Excellencies, I confeſs are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindarique Verſe: 'Tis that which is incrib'd to the preſent Earl of Rocheſter, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this ſmall Teſtimony of my Gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the Latin, and I have taken ſome pains to make it my Maſter-Piece in English: For which reaſon, I took this kind of Verſe, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduc'd into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. Cowley. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it, has made it ſpread; but it has not been conſider'd enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It langiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, (whom to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was poſſible in ſo ſhort a time. But if I may be allow'd to ſpeak my

Mind modeſtly, and without Injury to his ſacred Aſhes, ſomewhat of the Purity of Engliſh, *ſomewhat of more equal Thoughts, ſomewhat of ſweetneſs in the Numbers, in one Word, ſomewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verſe is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which conſiſts in the Warmth and Vigour of Fancy, the maſterly Figures, and the copiouſneſs of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind it ſelf be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental parts of it, than the Eſſential, what Rules of Morality or reſpect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deſerve to be Models in all they write.* Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongſt his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along ſometimes, for above an Hundred lines together? cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the ſtrength of his expreſſion, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harſhneſs of their ſound? 'Tis as much commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since* Pindar *was the Prince of* Lyrick *Poets; let me have leave to ſay, that in imitating him, our numbers ſhou'd for the moſt part be Lyrical: For variety, or rather where the Majeſty of the thought requires it, they may be ſtretch'd to the* Engliſh *Heroick of five Feet, and to the* French *Alexandrine of Six. But the ear muſt preſide, and direct the Judgment to the choice of numbers: Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick*

Verſe

Verſe can never be compleat; the cadency of one line muſt be a rule to that of the next; and the ſound of the former muſt ſlide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extream into another. It muſt be done like the ſhadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I ſhall be glad if I have ſo explain'd my ſelf as to be underſtood, but if I have not, quod nequeó dicere & ſentio tantùm, *muſt be my excuſe. There remains much more to be ſaid on this ſubject; but to avoid envy, I will be ſilent. What I have ſaid is the general Opinion of the beſt Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by ſeeing a noble ſort of Poetry ſo happily reſtor'd by one Man, and ſo groſly copied, by almoſt all the reſt: A muſical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr.* Cowley *cou'd ariſe, in another Age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,*

——Fungar vice cotis acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipſa ſecandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I ſhou'd ſay any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miſcellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without ſuſpicion of partiality: Others I am ſure need it not; and the reſt I have not perus'd. To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily and too looſly; I fear I have been tedious, and which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuſe; for it may be reaſonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leiſure, or, if he had it not

(which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable. but in part of recompence, let me assure the Reader, that in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an Author's present sence, which cooler thoughts wou'd possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently though my hazard be the greater, yet the Readers pleasure is not the less.

John Dryden.

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By Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Connection of the First Part of the *Episode* in the fifth Book, with the rest of the foregoing Poem.

Æneas *having buried his Father* Anchises *in* Sicily; *and setting sail from thence in search of* Italy, *is driven by a Storm on the same Coasts from whence he departed: After a Years wandring, he is hospitably receiv'd by his Friend* Aceſtes, *King of that part of the Island, who was born of* Trojan *Parentage: He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his Father with Divine Honours; and accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these Games was a Foot Race; in which* Nysus *and* Euryalus *were engag'd amongst other* Trojans *and* Sicilians.

FRom thence his way the *Trojan* Hero bent,
Into a graſſy Plain with Mountains pent,
Whoſe Brows were ſhaded with ſurrounding wood;
Full in the midſt of this fair Valley, ſtood
A native Theater, which riſing ſlow,
By juſt degrees, o're-look'd the ground below:
A numerous Train attend with Solemn State:
High on the new rais'd Turf their Leader ſate.
Here thoſe, who in the rapid Race delight,
Deſire of Honour, and the Prize invite:
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mingled ſtand,
With *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, the formoſt of the Band.
Euryalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Niſus for friendſhip to the Boy renown'd.
Diores next of *Priam*'s Regal Race,
Then *Salius*, joyn'd with *Patron*, took his place:
But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.

Then

Then two *Sicilian* Youths; the name of this
Was *Helimus*, of that was *Panopes*:
Two jolly Huntſmen in the Foreſt bred,
And owning old *Aceſtes* for their Head.
With many others of obſcurer name,
Whom Time has not deliver'd o're to Fame:
To theſe *Æneas* in the midſt aroſe,
And pleaſingly did thus his mind expoſe.
Not one of you ſhall unrewarded go;
On each I will two *Cretan* Spears beſtow,
Pointed with poliſh'd Steel; a Battle-ax too,
With Silver ſtudded; theſe in common ſhare,
The formoſt three ſhall Olive Garlands wear:
The Victor, who ſhall firſt the Race obtain,
Shall for his Prize a well-breath'd Courſer gain,
Adorn'd with Trappings; to the next in fame,
The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,

With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well ſupply'd
Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd:
The third this *Grecian* Helmet muſt content.
He ſaid: to their appointed *Baſe* they went.
With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And ſtarting all at once, the Station leave.
Spread out, as on the wings of Winds they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant Goal with eager view:
Shot from the Crowd, ſwift *Niſus* all o're-paſt,
Not ſtorms, nor thunder equal half his haſte:
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoyn'd,
Came *Salius*, then, a diſtant ſpace behind
Euryalus the third.
Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after ſtep, and almoſt ſide by ſide;
His ſhoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace,
Had won, or left at leaſt a doubtful Race.

Now

Now ſpent, the Goal they almoſt reach at laſt,
When eager *Niſus*, hapleſsin his haſte,
Slipt firſt, and ſlipping, fell upon the Plain,
Moiſt with the blood of Oxen lately ſlain;
The careleſs Victor had not mark'd his way,
But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up, and on the graſſy floor,
He fell beſmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Nor mindleſs then *Euryalus* of thee,
Nor of the ſacred bonds of amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate Rival to oppoſe,
And caught the foot of *Salius* as he roſe;
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain:
Euryalus ſprings out the prize to gain,
And cuts the Crowd; applauding peals attend
The Conqu'ror to the Goal, who conquer'd through
his Friend.

Next *Helimus* and then *Diores* came,
By two Misfortunes, now the third in fame.
But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
For Juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the Crowd:
Urges his Cauſe may in the Court be heard,
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for *Euryalus* appears,
His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
Had brib'd the Judges to protect his claim:
Beſides *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
Who vainly reaches at the laſt Reward,
If the firſt Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
Then thus the Prince; Let no diſputes ariſe;
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
But give me leave, her Errours to amend,
At leaſt to pity a deſerving Friend.
Thus having ſaid,

A Lion's Hide, amazing to behold,
Pond'rous with briſtles, and with paws of Gold,
He gave the Youth, which *Niſus* greiv'd to view:
If ſuch rewards to vanquiſh'd Men are due,
Said he, and falling is to riſe by you,
What prize may *Niſus* from your bounty claim,
Who merited the firſt Rewards of Fame!
In falling both did equal fortune try,
Wou'd fortune make me fall as happily.
With this he pointed to his face, and ſhow'd
His hands and body all beſmear'd with blood:
Th' indulgent Father of the People ſmil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd a maſſie Shield
Of wond'rous art by *Didymaon* wrought,
Long ſince from *Neptune's* bars in triumph brought;
With this, the graceful Youth he gratifi'd;
Then the remaining Preſents did divide.

Connection of the remaining part of the *Epiſode*, tranſlated out of the *9th.* Book of *Virgil's Æneids*, with the foregoing part of the Story.

The War being now broken out betwixt the Trojans *and* Latines; *and* Æneas *being overmatch'd in numbers by his Enemies, who were aided by King* Turnus, *he fortifies his Camp, and leaves in it his young Son* Aſcanius, *under the direction of his chief Counſellors and Captains; while he goes in Perſon, to beg Succours from King* Evander *and the* Tuſcans. Turnus *takes advantage of his abſence, and aſſaults his Camp: The* Trojans *in it are reduc'd to great extremities; which gives the Poet the occaſion of continuing this admirable* Epiſode, *wherein he deſcribes the Friendſhip, the Generoſity, the Adventures, and the Death of* Niſus *and* Euryalus.

The

THe *Trojan* Camp the common danger ſhar'd;
By turns they watch'd the Walls; and
kept the Nightly Guard:
To Warlike *Niſus* fell the Gate by Lot,
(Whom *Hyrtacus* on Huntreſs *Ida* got;
And ſent to Sea *Æneas* to attend,)
Well cou'd he dart the Spear, and ſhafts unerring
ſend.
Beſide him ſtood *Eurÿalus*, his ever faithful Friend.
No Youth in all the *Trojan* Hoſt was ſeen
More beautiful in Arms, or of a Nobler meen;
Scarce was the Down upon his Chin begun;
One was their Friendſhip, their deſire was one:
With minds united in the Field they warr'd,
And now were both by choice upon the Guard.
Then *Niſus* thus:
Or do the Gods this Warlike warmth inſpire,
Or makes each Man a God of his deſire?

A Noble Ardour boils within my Breaſt,
Eager of Action, Enemy of Reſt;
That urges me to Fight, or underake
Some Deed that may my Fame immortal make.
Thou ſeeſt the Foe ſecure: How faintly ſhine
Their ſcatter'd Fires, the moſt in Sleep ſupine;
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe, and drunk with Victory:
The few awake the fuming Flaggon ply;
All huſh'd around: Now hear what I revolve,
Within my mind, and what my labouring thoughts
reſolve.
Our abſent Lord both Camp and Council mourn;
By Meſſage both wou'd haſten his return:
The gifts propos'd if they confer on thee,
(For Fame is recompence enough to me)
Methinks beneath yon Hill, I have eſpy'd
A way that ſafely will my Paſſage guide.

Euryalus

Euryalus ſtood liſtning while he ſpoke,
With Love of Praiſe, and Noble Envy ſtrook;
Then to his ardent Friend, expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind!
Am I unworthy, *Niſus*, to be join'd,
Think'ſt thou my ſhare of Honour I will yield,
Or ſend thee unaſſiſted to the Field?
Not ſo my Father taught my Childhood Arms,
Born in a Siege, and bred amongſt Alarms:
Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
Or of the Heav'n-born *Heroe* I attend.
The thing call'd Life with eaſe I can diſclaim;
And think it overſold to purchaſe Fame.
To whom his Friend; I cou'd not think, alas,
I cou'd not think, alas, thy tender years
Wou'd miniſter new matter to my Fears:
Nor is it juſt thou ſhou'dſt thy Wiſh obtain;
So *Jove* in Triumph bring me back again;

To

To thoſe dear eyes; or if a God there be
To pious Friends, propitious more than he.
But if ſome one, as many ſure there are,
Of adverſe accidents in doubtful War,
If one ſhou'd reach my Head there let it fall,
And ſpare thy life, I wou'd not periſh all:
Thy Youth is worthy of a longer Date;
Do thou remain to mourn thy Lover's Fate;
To bear my mangled body from the Foe,
Or buy it back, and Fun'ral Rites beſtow.
Or if hard Fortune ſhall my Corps deny
Thoſe Dues, with empty Marble to ſupply.
O let not me the Widows tears renew,
Let not a Mother's curſe my name purſue;
Thy pious Mother, who in Love to thee,
Left the Fair Coaſt of Fruitful *Sicily*;
Her Age committing to the Seas and Wind,
When every weary *Matron* ſtaid behind.

To

To this *Euryalus*, thou plead'ſt in vain,
And but delay'ſt the cauſe thou canſt not gain:
No more, 'tis loſs of time: with that he wakes
The Nodding Watch; each to his Office takes!
The Guard reliev'd, in Company they went
To find the Council at the Royal Tent.
Now every living thing lay void of care,
And Sleep, the common gift of Nature, ſhare:
Mean time the *Trojan* Peers in Council ſat
And call'd their chief Commanders, to debate
The weighty buſineſs of th' indanger'd State.
What next was to be done, who to be ſent
T'inform *Æneas* of the Foes intent.
In midſt of all the quiet Camp they held
Nocturnal Council; each ſuſtains a Shield
Which his o'er-labour'd Arm can hardly rear;
And leans upon a long projected Spear.

Now

Now *Niſus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
And beg admittance, eager to be heard,
Th' affair important; not to be deferr'd.
Aſcanius bids them be conducted in;
Then thus, commanded, *Niſus* does begin.
Ye *Trojan* Fathers lend attentive Ears;
Nor judge our Undertaking by our Years.
The Foes ſecurely drench'd in Sleep and Wine
Their Watch neglect; their Fires but thinly ſhine.
And where the Smoak in thickning Vapours flies
Cov'ring the Plain, and clouding all the Skies,
Betwixt the ſpaces we have mark'd a way,
Cloſe by the Gate, and coaſting by the Sea;
This Paſſage undiſturb'd, and uneſpy'd
Our Steps will ſafely to *Æneas* guide,
Expect each hour to ſee him back again,
Loaded with ſpoils of Foes, in Battle ſlain:

Snatch

Snatch we the Lucky Minute while we may,
Nor can we be miſtaken in the way:
For Hunting in the Vale, we oft have ſeen
The riſing Turrets with the ſtream between:
And know its winding Courſe, with every Foord.
He paus'd, and Old *Alethes* took the Word.
Our Country Gods in whom our truſt we place,
Will yet from ruin ſave the *Trojan* race;
While we behold ſuch ſpringing worth appear,
In youth ſo brave, and breaſts ſo void of Fear.
(With this he took the hand of either Boy,
Embrac'd them cloſely both, and wept for joy:)
Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
What recompence for ſuch deſert, decree!
The greateſt ſure, and beſt you can receive,
The Gods your Vertue and your Fame will give:
The reſt, our grateful General will beſtow;
And young *Aſcanius*, till his Manhood, owe.

And

And I whoſe welfare in my Father lies,
(*Aſcanius* adds,) by all the Deities,
By our great Country, and our Houſehold-Gods,
By Hoary *Veſta*'s rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both, on you my Fortune ſtands,
That and my Faith I plight into your hands,
Make me but happy in his ſafe return,
(For I No other loſs but only his can mourn,)
Niſus, your gift ſhall two large Goblets be,
Of Silver wrought with curious Imag'ry,
And high emboſt: which, when old *Priam* reign'd,
My conqu'ring *Sire*, at ſack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
And more two Tripods caſt in antique mould,
With two great Tallents of the fineſt Gold.
Beſides a *Bowl* which *Tyrian* Art did grave;
The Preſent that *Sidonian Dido* gave.
But if in conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When Spoils by Lot the Victors ſhall obtain,

Thou

Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* prest;
That, and his Golden Arms, and sanguine Crest,
And Shield, from lot exempted, thou shalt share;
With these, twelve captive Damsels young and fair:
Male Slaves as many; well appointed all
With Vests and Arms, shall to thy Portion fall:
And last a fruitful Field to thee shall rest,
The large demenes the *Latian* King possest.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No Fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, O wondrous Youth: be ever mine,
Take full possession, all my Soul is thine:
My life's Companion, and my bosom Friend;
One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend.
My peace shall be committed to thy care,
And to thy Conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the bold *Euryalus* reply'd;
What ever Fortune, good or bad, betide,

The ſame ſhall be my *Age*, as now my Youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your bounty let me gain;
(And this not granted, all rewards are vain:)
Of *Priam*'s Royal Race my Mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name:
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
From me departing; but o're ſpent and old,
My fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this
What ever danger: Neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious bleſſing taken, her I leave:
And in this only Act of all my life deceive.
By this your hand and conſcious Night I ſwear,
My youth ſo ſad a farewel cou'd not bear.
Be you her Patron, fill my vacant place;
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a grace;)
Support her Age forſaken and diſtreſt;
That hope alone will fortifie my breaſt,

Againſt

Againſt the worſt of fortunes and of fears:
He ſaid; th' Aſſiſtants ſhed preſaging tears.
But above all, *Aſcanius* mov'd to ſee
That Image of paternal piety.
Then thus reply'd.———
So great beginnings in ſo green an *Age*
Exact that Faith, which firmly I engage;
Thy Mother all the priviledge ſhall claim
Creuſa had; and only want the name.
What e'er event thy enterpriſe ſhall have,
'Tis merit to have born a Son ſo brave.
By this my Head, a ſacred Oath, I ſwear,
(My Father us'd it) what returning, here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thy ſelf prepare,
Thy Parent and thy Family ſhall ſhare:
He ſaid; and weeping while he ſpoke the word,
From his broad Belt he drew a ſhining Sword,

Magnificent with Gold; *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry ſcabbard ſheath'd the Blade.
This was his Gift: while *Mneſtheus* did provide
For *Niſus* Arms; a griſly Lions Hide;
And true *Alethes* chang'd with him his helm of tem- (per try'd.
Thus arm'd they went: the noble *Trojans* wait
Their going forth, and follow to the Gate.
With Pray'rs and Vows above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far above his years.
And Meſſages committed to their care;
Which all in winds were loſt, and empty air.
The Trenches firſt they paſs'd; then took their way,
Where their proud foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay.
To many fatal e'er themſelves were ſlain:
The careleſs Hoſt diſperſt upon the Plain
They found, who drunk with Wine ſupinely ſnore,
Unharneſs'd Chariots ſtand upon the ſhore;

Midſt

Midſt wheels, and reins, and arms, the Goblet by,
A Medly of Debauch and War they lie.
Obſerving *Niſus* ſhew'd his friend the ſight;
Then thus: behold a Conqueſt without fight.
Occaſion calls the Sword to be prepar'd:
Our way lies there, ſtand thou upon the guard;
And look behind, while I ſecurely go
To cut an ample paſſage through the Foe.
Softly he ſpoke; then ſtalking took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamnes* lay;
His head rais'd high, on Tapeſtry beneath,
And heaving from his breaſt, he puff'd his breath.
A King, and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd,
But fate by Preſcience cannot be remov'd.
Three ſleeping Slaves he ſoon ſubdues: then ſpyes
Where *Rhemus*, with his proud Retinue, lies:
His Armour Bearer firſt, and next he kills
His Charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels,

And his lov'd Horſes; laſt invades their Lord,
Full on his Neck he aims the fatal Sword:
The Gaſping head flies off: a purple Flood,
Flows from the Trunk, that wallows in the blood;
Which by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around
The bed, beſprinkles and bedews the ground.
Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamus* and the young
Serranus, who with gaming did prolong
The Night: oppreſt with Wine and ſlumber lay
The beauteous Youth, and dreamt of lucky Play;
More lucky had it been protracted till the day.
The famiſh'd Lion thus with hunger bold,
O're-leaps the Fences of the nightly Fold,
The peaceful Flock devours, and tears, and draws;
Wrapt up in ſilent fear, they lie and pant beneath
his paws.
Nor with leſs Rage *Euryalus* imploys
The vengeful Sword, nor fewer Foes deſtroys.

But

But on th' ignoble Crowd his fury flew;
Which *Fadus*, *Hebeſus*, and *Rhætus* ſlew,
With *Abaris*; in ſleep the reſt did fall;
But *Rhætus* waking, and obſerving all:
Behind a mighty Jar he ſlunk for fear;
The ſharp-edg'd Iron found and reach'd him there:
Full as he roſe he plung'd it in his ſide;
The cruel Sword return'd in Crimſon dy'd.
The wound a blended ſtream of wine and blood
Pours out; the purple Soul comes floating in the Flood.
Now where *Meſſapus* quarter'd they arrive;
The Fires were fainting there, and juſt alive;
The warlike Horſes ty'd in order fed;
Niſus the Diſcipline obſerv'd, and ſed,
Our eagerneſs of blood may both betray:
Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,

Foe to theſe nightly thefts: No more, my friend,
Here let our glutted execution End;
A Lane through ſlaughter'd Bodies we have made;
The bold *Euryalus*, tho' loath, obey'd:
Rich Arms and Arras which they ſcatter'd find,
And Plate, a precious load they leave behind.
Yet fond of Gaudy Spoils, the Boy wou'd ſtay
To make the proud Capariſons his prey,
Which deck'd a Neighb'ring ſteed.———
Nor did his eyes leſs longingly behold
The Girdle ſtudded o'er with Nails of Gold,
Which *Rhamnes* wore: This preſent long ago
On *Remulus* did *Cædicus* beſtow,
And abſent joyn'd in hoſpitable Tyes.
He dying, to his Heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering *Rutuli* oppreſt
He fell, and they the glorious Gift poſſeſt.

Theſe

These gaudy Spoils *Euryalus* now bears;
And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears:
Messapus Helm, he found amongst the dead,
Garnish'd with Plumes, and fitted to his head.
They leave the Camp, and take the safest Road,
Mean time a Squadron of their Foes abroad,
Three hundred Horse, with Bucklers arm'd, they spy'd,
Whom *Volscens* by the King's command did guide:
To *Turnus* these were from the City sent,
And to perform their Message sought his Tent.
Approaching near their utmost Lines they draw;
When bending tow'rds the left, their Captain saw
The faithful pair; for through the doubtful Shade
His glitt'ring Helm *Euryalus* betray'd;
On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought (cry'd *Volscens* from the Crowd)
These Men go there, then rais'd his voice aloud;

Stand

Stand, ſtand! why thus in Arms? And whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand ſent?
Silent they make away; and haſte their flight
To Neighb'ring Woods; and truſt themſelves to Night.
The ſpeedy Horſemen ſpur their Steeds to get
Twixt them and home; and every Path beſet,
And all the windings of the well known Wood;
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it ſtood,
With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn,
Where tracks of Bears had ſcarce a paſſage worn.
The darkneſs of the Shades; his heavy Prey,
And fear, miſled the younger from his way:
But *Niſus* hit the turns with happier haſte,
Who now, unknowing, had the danger paſt,
And *Alban* Lakes from *Alba*'s name ſo call'd;
Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen ſtall'd.

Till

Till turning at the length he ſtood his ground,
And vainly caſt his longing eyes around
For his loſt Friend!
Ah! wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind!
Where ſhall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find!
Or what way take! Again he ventures back,
And treads the Mazes of his former track,
Through the wild Wood: at laſt he hears the Noiſe
Of trampling Horſes, and the Riders voice.
The Sound approach'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
His Foes incloſing, and his Friend purſu'd,
Fore-laid, and taken, while he ſtrove in vain
The Covert of the Neighb'ring Wood to gain.
What ſhou'd he next attempt, what Arms employ
With fruitleſs Force to free the Captive Boy?
Or tempt unequal numbers with the Sword;
And die by him whom living he ador'd?

Re-

Reſolv'd on death his dreadful Spear he ſhook,
And caſting to the Moon a mournful look,
Fair Queen, ſaid he, who doſt in Woods delight,
Grace of the Stars, and Goddeſs of the Night;
Be preſent, and direct my Dart aright.
If e're my pious Father for my ſake,
Did on thy Altars grateful Offerings make,
Or I increas'd them with ſucceſsful toils;
And hung thy Sacred Roof with Savage Spoils,
Through the brown ſhadows guide my flying Spear
To reach this Troop: Then poyzing from his ear
The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw;
Through the divided Shades the deadly Javelin flew;
On *Sulmo*'s back it ſplits; the double Dart,
Drove deeper onward, and transfixt his heart.
He ſtaggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death;
And with ſhort Sobbs, he gaſps away his breath.

All

All ſtand amaz'd: a ſecond Javelin flies
From his ſtretch'd arm, and hiſſes through the Skies:
The Lance through *Tagus* Temples forc'd its way;
And in his brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce *Volſcens* foams with rage; and gazing round,
Deſcry'd no Author of the fatal Wound,
Nor where to fix revenge: But thou he cries,
Shalt pay for both; and at the Pris'ner flies,
With his drawn Sword: Then, ſtruck with deep Deſpair,
That fatal ſight the Lover cou'd not bear;
But from his Covert ruſht in open view;
And ſent his Voice before him as he flew;
Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone;
The Crime confeſs'd; the Fact was all my own.
He neither cou'd nor durſt, the guiltleſs Youth,
Ye Moon and Stars bear witneſs to the Truth;

His

His only fault, if that be to offend,
Was too much loving his unhappy Friend.
Too late alas, he ſpeaks;
The Sword, with unrelenting fury guides
Driv'n with full force had pierc'd his tender ſides;
Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping wound
Guſh'd out a Crimſon ſtream and ſtain'd the ground:
His nodding neck reclines on his white breaſt,
Like a fair Flow'r, in furrow'd Fields oppreſt,
By the keen Share: or Poppy on the Plain,
Whoſe heavy head is over-charg'd with Rain.
Diſdain, deſpair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
Drove *Niſus* headlong on the Hoſtile Crowd;
Volſcens he ſeeks, at him alone he bends;
Born back, and puſh'd by his ſurrounding Friends,
He ſtill preſs'd on; and kept him ſtill in ſight;
Then whirl'd aloft his Sword with all his might;

Th' unerring Weapon flew; and wing'd with Death,
Inter'd his gaping Mouth, and ſtop'd his breath.
Dying he ſlew: and ſtagg'ring on the Plain,
Sought for the body of his Lover ſlain:
Then quietly on his dear breaſt he fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy pair! for if my Verſe can give
Eternity; your Fame ſhall ever live:
Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies,
And ſpread where-e're the *Roman* Eagle flies.

The

The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*, Translated out of the 10th Book of *Virgil's Æneids*.

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

Connection of the *Episode*, with the foregoing Story.

Mezentius *was King of* Etruria, *or* Tuscany; *from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical Government, and Cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus baniſh'd, he applies himself to King* Turnus, *in whose Court he, and his Son* Lausus *take Sanctuary.* Turnus *for the Love of* Lavinia *making War with* Æneas, Mezentius *ingages in the cause of his Benefactor, and performs many great Actions, particularly in revenging himself on his late Subjects, who now assisted* Æneas *out of hatred to him.* Mezentius *is every where describ'd by* Virgil *as an Atheist; his Son* Lausus *is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Vertue: And the death of those two is the subject of this Noble* Episode.

Thus

THus equal deaths are dealt, and equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors and vanquish'd in the various field;
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n, survey the doubtful strife,
And mourn the Miseries of humane life.
Above the rest two Goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, *Juno* there.
Amidst the Crowd, infernal *Atè* shakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hissing Crest of Snakes.
Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud disdain,
Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain:
Where, tow'ring in the midmost ranks, he stood,
Like vast *Orion* stalking o're the flood:
When with his brawny Breast, he cuts the waves;
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.

Or like a Mountain Aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.
Thus arm'd, he took the field:——
The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from a-far;
With joyful eyes, and undertook the War.
Collected in himſelf, and like a Rock
Poiz'd on his baſe; *Mezentius* ſtood the ſhock
Of his great Foe: Then meaſuring with his eyes
The ſpace his ſpear cou'd reach, aloud he cryes:
My own right hand and Sword aſſiſt my ſtroke;
(Thoſe only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)
His Armour, from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,
Shall by my *Lauſus* be in Triumph worn.
He ſaid; and ſtraight with all his force he threw
The maſſie Spear; which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial Shield; that ſtop'd the course:
But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force,

Took

Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The Side and Bowels, fam'd *Anthores* fixt.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides friend, and brother of the War,
Till, tir'd with toyls, fair *Italy* he choſe;
And in *Evander's* Palace, ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
He caſts to Heaven; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
The pious *Trojan* then his javelin ſent;
The Shield gave way, thro' trebble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linnen trebbly rowl'd,
And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler fold:
All theſe it paſt with unreſiſted courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon floud:
The *Trojan* glad with ſight of hoſtile bloud,

His Fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſt,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſt.
His Father's danger *Lauſus* view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here, I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt,
And ſing an act, ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity ſhall ſcarce believe it true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by flight;
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the ſpear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth reſolv'd to undergo
The lifted ſword, ſprings out to face his Foe,
Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing thro' the field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſhield;

All

All fir'd with Noble Emulation, ſtrive;
And with a ſtorm of darts, to diſtance drive
The *Trojan* chief, who hed at bay, from far,
On his Vulcanian Orb ſuſtain'd the War.
As when thick Hail comes ratling in the wind,
The Ploughman, Paſſenger, and lab'ring Hind
For ſhelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
Or hous'd, or ſafe in Hollow Caverns lie,
But that o'reblown, when heav'n above 'em ſmiles,
Return to Travel, and renew their toils:
Æneas thus o'rewhelm'd; on ev'ry ſide
The Storm of darts undaunted did abide;
And thus to *Lauſus* loud, with friendly threatning cri'd.
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death? and rage
In raſh attempts beyond thy tender age?
Betray'd by pious Love? nor thus forborn
The Youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn:

Pro-

Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whoſe patience tir'd
Gave place; and all his breaſt with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears;
And liſted high, the conquering Sword appears,
Which full deſcending with a fearful ſway,
Through Shield and Cuiraſſe forc'd th' impetu-
ous way,
And buried deep in his fair boſom lay.
The ſpringing ſtreams thro' the thin *Armour* ſtrove,
And drencht the *golden Coat* his careful *Mother* wove:
And Life at length forſook his heaving Heart,
Loth from ſo ſweet a Manſion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleneſs all beſpread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lauſus* dead,
He griev'd, he wept: the ſight an Image brought
Of his own filial love; a ſadly pleaſing thought.
Then ſtretch'd his hand to raiſe him up, and ſaid;
Poor hapleſs Youth, what praiſes can be paid

To

To Love ſo great; to ſuch tranſcendant ſtore
Of early worth, and ſure preſage of more!
Accept what e're *Æneas* can afford:
Untouch'd thy Arms; untaken be thy Sword;
And all that pleas'd thee living, ſtill remain
Inviolate; and Sacred to the ſlain.
Thy body on thy Parents I beſtow,
To pleaſe thy Ghoſt; at leaſt if ſhadows know
Or have a taſte of Human things below.
There to thy fellow Ghoſts, with Glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* hand I fell.
With this he bids his diſtant Friends draw near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear;
Himſelf aſſiſts to raiſe him from the ground,
His Locks deform'd with blood, that well'd from
out his wound.
Mean time the Father, now no Father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his wounds by *Tyber*'s yellow Flood,

Oppreſt with anguiſh, panting, and o're ſpent,
His fainting Limbs againſt a Tree he leant:
A bough his brazen Helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier arms lay ſcatter'd on the plain:
Of Youth a choſen Troop around him ſtand,
His head hung down, and reſted on his hand;
His grizly Beard his penſive boſom ſought,
And all on *Lauſus*, ran his reſtleſs thought,
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
Much he enquir'd, and many a meſſage ſent:
To warn him from the field; alas in vain
Behold his mournful followers bear him ſlain
On their broad ſhields; ſtill guſh'd the gaping wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries; far off divin'd
The dire event with a forebodeing mind.

With

With duſt he ſprinkled firſt his hoary Head,
Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he ſpread;
Laſt, the dear Corps embracing, thus he ſed.
What Joys, alas, cou'd this frail Being give!
That I have been ſo covetous to live.
To ſee my Son, and ſuch a Son, reſign
His Life a Ranſom for preſerving mine!
And am I then preſerv'd, and art thou loſt,
How much too dear has that Redemption coſt.
Tis now my bitter baniſhment I feel,
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing Vertues did defame;
My blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd Name.
Chac'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul miſdeeds, were puniſhments too mild:
I ow'd my people theſe; and from their hate
With leſs injuſtice cou'd have born my fate.

And

And yet I live, and yet ſupport the ſight
Of hateful Men, and of more hated Light!
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting Limbs, that ſtagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind reſolv'd, and unapal'd
With pains or perils, for his Courſer call'd.
Well mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himſelf did-
dreſs
With daily care; and mounted with ſucceſs,
His Aid in Arms; his Ornament in Peace.
Soothing his Courage with a gentle ſtroke,
The Horſe ſeem'd ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke.
O *Rhœbus* we have liv'd too long for me;
(If long and Life were terms that cou'd agree!)
This day, thou either ſhalt bring back the head,
And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead;
This day, thou either ſhalt revenge my woe
For Murther'd *Lauſus* on his cruel Foe,

Or

Or, if inexorable Fate deny
Our Conqueſt, with thy Conquer'd Maſter die.
For after ſuch a Lord, I reſt ſecure,
Thou wilt no Foreign Reins, or *Trojan* Load endure.
He ſaid; and ſtreight th' officious Courſer kneels
To take his wonted weight: His hands he fills
With pointed Javelins; on his head he lac'd
His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With creſted Horſehair, nodding from afar,
Then ſpurr'd his thund'ring Steed, amidſt the War.
Love, Anguiſh, Wrath, and Grief to Madneſs wrought,
Deſpair, and ſecret Shame, and conſcious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppreſt;
Rowl'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breaſt.
Then loud he call'd *Æneas*, thrice by Name;
The loud repeated voice to glad *Æneas* came.

Great

Great *Jove*, ſaid he; and the far ſhooting God,
Inſpire thy mind, to make thy challenge good.
He ſaid no more; but haſten'd to appear,
And threatn'd with his long protended Spear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus; thy vaunts are vain,
My *Lauſus* lies extended on the Plain;
He's loſt; thy conqueſt is already won:
This was my only way to be undone.
Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods defie!
Forbear thy threats; my buſineſs is to die:
But firſt receive this parting Legacie.
He ſaid; and ſtraight a whirling Dart he ſent;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a ſpacious Ring he rides the Field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas* wheel'd:

Turn'd

Turn'd as he turn'd, the Golden Orb withſtood
The ſtrokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
Impatient of delay; and weary grown
Still to defend, and to defend alone;
To wrench the Darts that in his Buckler light,
Urg'd and o're-labour'd in unequal fight,
At laſt reſolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the Temples of the warlike Horſe:
Betwixt the Temples paſs'd th' unerring Spear,
And piercing ſtood transfixt from ear to ear.
Seiz'd with the ſudden pain, ſurpriz'd with fright,
The Courſer bounds aloft, and ſtands upright:
He beats his Hoofs a while in air; then preſt
With anguiſh, Floundering falls the gen'rous Beaſt
And his caſt Rider, with his weight oppreſt.
From either Hoſt the mingled ſhouts and cries
Of *Trojans* and *Rutilians* rend the Skies.

Æneas

Æneas haſt'ning wav'd his fatal Sword,
High o're his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce diſdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty ſtrain?
Strugling, and wildly ſtaring on the Skies,
With ſcarce recover'd breath, he thus replies:
Why theſe inſulting threats, this waſte of breath,
To Souls undaunted, and ſecure of Death.
'Tis no diſhonour for the brave to die;
Nor came I here with hope of Victory;
But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;
When *Lauſus* fell, I was already ſlain:
Nor ask I life,
My dying Son contracted no ſuch band:
Nor wou'd I take it from his Murd'rer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me ſue,
(If pity to a conquer'd Foe be due)

Refuſe

Refuſe not that: But let my body have
The laſt retreat of Human Kind; a Grave.
Too well I know my injur'd Peoples hate;
Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate;
This Refuge for my poor Remains provide;
And lay my much lov'd *Lauſus* by my ſide;
He ſaid; and to the Sword his Throat apply'd.
The Crimſon Stream diſtain'd his Arms around;
And the diſdainful Soul came ruſhing through
the Wound.

THE

THE SPEECH OF VENUS TO VULCAN:

Wherein she perswades him to make Arms for her Son Æneas, *then engag'd in a War against the* Latines, *and King* Turnus: *Translated out of the Eighth Book of* Virgil's Æneids.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

NOw Night with Sable wings the World o're-spread;
But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with dread

Of

Of *Latian* arms, before the tempeſt breaks,
Her Husband's timely ſuccour thus beſpeaks,
Couch'd in his Golden Bed:———
(And, that her pleaſing Speech his mind may move,
Inſpires it with diviner charms of Love:)
While adverſe Fate conſpir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs
To level with the ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
I beg'd no ayd th' unhappy to reſtore,
Nor did thy ſuccour, nor thy art implore;
Nor ſought, their ſinking Empire to ſuſtain,
To urge the labour of my Lord in vain.
Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam's* Houſe, and more,
The dangers of *Æneas* did deplore:
But now, by *Jove's* command, and Fates decree,
His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,
With humble ſuit I ask thy needful art,
O ſtill propitious Pow'r, O Soveraign of my heart

A Mother ſtands a ſuppliant for a Son:
By ſilver footed *Thetis* thou wert won
For fierce *Achilles*, and the Roſie Morn
Mov'd thee with Arms her *Memnon* to adorn;
Are theſe my tears, leſs pow'rful on thy mind?
Behold that warlike Nations are combin'd,
With fire and ſword *My* people to deſtroy,
And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*.
She ſaid; and ſtraight her arms of Snowy hue,
About her unreſolving Husband threw;
Her ſoft embraces ſoon infuſe deſire,
His bones and marrow ſuddain warmth inſpire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the rowling thunder flies,
Or ſtreaks of lightning flaſh along the skyes.
The Goddeſs pleas'd with her ſucceſsful wiles,
And, conſcious of her conqu'ring Beauty, ſmiles.

Then

Then thus the good old God, (ſooth'd with her charms,
Panting, and half diſſolving in her arms:)
Why ſeek you Reaſons for a Cauſe ſo juſt,
Or your own beauty or my love diſtruſt?
Long ſince had you requir'd my helpful hand,
You might the Artiſt, and his Art command
To arm your *Trojans*: nor did *Jove* or Fate,
Confine their Empire to ſo ſhort a date:
And if you now deſire new Wars to wage,
My care, my skill, my labour I ingage,
What ever melting Metals can conſpire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
I freely promiſe; all your doubts remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.
He ſaid; and eager to enjoy her charms,
He ſnatch'd the lovely Goddeſs to his arms;
Till all infus'd in joy he lay poſſeſt
Of full deſire, and ſunk to pleaſing reſt.

LUCRETIUS

The beginning of the First Book.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

DElight of Humane kind, and Gods above:
Parent of *Rome*; Propitious Queen of Love;
Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
And breeds what e're is born beneath the rowling Skies:
For every kind, by thy prolifique might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light:
Thee, Goddess thee, the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress't,
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;
And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer light is blest.

For

For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature stands displayʼd,
When teeming Budds, and chearful Greens appear,
And Western gales unlock the lazy year,
The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native Songs thy genial fire confess:
Then salvage Beasts bound oʼre their slighted food,
Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood:
All Nature is thy Gift; Earth, Air, and Sea:
Of all that breaths, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
Oʼre barren Mountains, oʼre the flowʼry Plain,
The leavy Forest, and the liquid Main
Extends thy uncontroulʼd and boundless reign.
Through all the living Regions dost thou move,
And scatterʼst, where thou goest, the kindly seeds
of Love:

Since then the race of every living thing,
Obeys thy pow'r; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear,
Be thou my aid: My tuneful Song inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy Province Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy wond'rous pow'r diſplay.
To *Memmius*, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn.
The rather, then aſſiſt my Muſe and me,
Infuſing Verſes worthy him and thee.
Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſt'ning World in univerſal peace.

To thee, Mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe,
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care:
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal Love:
And panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes:
Sucks in with open lips, thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary World reſtore.

LUCRETIUS

The beginning of the Second Book,

Suave Mari magno, &c.

By Mr. *DRYDEN*.

'TIs pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore
The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempeſt (roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the Pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more ſweet thy lab'ring ſteps to guide,
To Vertues heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the *Magazins* of Learning fortifi'd:
From thence to look below on humane kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:
To ſee vain Fools ambitiouſly contend
For Wit and Pow'r; their loſt endeavours bend

T'out-

T'outſhine each other, waſte their time and health,
In ſearch of honour, and purſuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a miſt of Life,
Inclos'd with dangers, and with noiſie ſtrife,
He ſpends his little Span: And overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires, with more than Nature needs:
For Nature wiſely ſtints our appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight;
Which minds unmix'd with cares, and fears, obtain;
A Soul ſerene, a Body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural deſires,
That wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation, Senſe is ſatisfi'd.
If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,
To light the coſtly Suppers and the Balls;
If the proud Palace ſhines not with the ſtate
Of burniſh'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,

If well-tun'd Harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of Voices, from the vaulted Roofs rebound,
Yet on the Graſs, beneath a Poplar Shade
By the cool Stream, our careleſs limbs are laid,
With cheaper Pleaſures innocently bleſt,
When the warm Spring with gaudy flow'rs is dreſt.
Nor will the raging Feavers fire abate,
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:
But the poor Patient will as ſoon be ſound
On the hard Mattreſs, or the Mother ground.
Then ſince our bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy ſtore,
'Tis plain, theſe uſeleſs Toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:
Unleſs we cou'd ſuppoſe the dreadful ſight
Of marſhall'd Legions moving to the fight,
Cou'd with their ſound, and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away;

But

But ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of Pomp purſue the Prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to Purple, or to Gold;
Why ſhou'd not we theſe Pageantries deſpiſe;
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wand'ring errours led;
And juſt as Children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
Ev'n in broad day light are poſſeſt with fears:
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As thoſe which in the breaſts of Children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward Hell,
No Rays of outward Sunſhine can diſpel;
But nature and right reaſon, muſt diſplay
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſom Soul (to day.

TRAN-

TRANSLATION OF THE Latter Part of the Third Book OF LUCRETIUS;

Againſt the Fear of Death.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

WHat has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain
When Punique arms infeſted Land and Main,
When Heav'n and Earth were in confuſion hurl'd
For the debated Empire of the World,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who ſhou'd ſway:

So

So, when our mortal frame ſhall be disjoyn'd,
The lifeleſs Lump, uncoupled from the mind,
From ſenſe of grief and pain we ſhall be free;
We ſhall not feel, becauſe we ſhall not *Be*.
Tho' Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were loſt,
We ſhou'd not move, we only ſhou'd be toſt.
Nay, ev'n ſuppoſe when we have ſuffer'd Fate,
The Soul cou'd feel in her divided ſtate,
What's that to us, for we are only we
While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree?
Nay, tho' our Atoms ſhou'd revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Tho' time our Life and Motion cou'd reſtore,
And make our Bodies what they were before,
What gain to us wou'd all this buſtle bring,
The new made Man wou'd be another thing;
When once an interrupting pauſe is made,
That individual Being is decay'd.

We

We, who are dead and gone, ſhall bear no part,
In all the pleaſures, nor ſhall feel the ſmart,
Which to that other Mortal ſhall accrew,
Whom of our Matter Time ſhall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long ſpace
Of Ages paſt, and view the changing face
Of Matter, toſt and variouſly combin'd
In ſundry ſhapes, 'tis eaſie for the mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
In the ſame order as they now are ſeen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Becauſe a pauſe of Life, a gaping ſpace
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wand'ring motions from the ſenſe
are fled.
For who ſoe're ſhall in misfortunes live
Muſt *Be*, when thoſe misfortunes ſhall arrive;

And ſince the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe.
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pauſe of life has come between,
'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.
And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mould'ring limbs ſhall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of Beaſts devour his Maſs,
Know he's an unſincere, unthinking Aſs.
A ſecret Sting remains within his mind,
The Fool is to his own caſt Offals kind;
He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain,
Yet makes himſelf a part of life again:
As if ſome other He cou'd feel the pain.
If, while he live, this thought moleſt his head,
What Wolf or Vulture ſhall devour me dead;

He

He waſtes his days in idle grief, nor can
Diſtinguiſh 'twixt the Body and the Man:
But thinks himſelf can ſtill himſelf ſurvive;
And what, when dead, he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o're his ſenſeleſs Carcaſs to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beaſts, then why not ſo to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of Honey to be ſoak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preſerv'd and choak'd;
Or on an airy Mountain's top to lie
Expos'd to cold and Heav'ns inclemency,
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppreſt
With Monumental Marble on thy breaſt?
But to be ſnatch'd from all thy Houſhold joys,
From thy chaſt Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,

Whoſe

Whoſe little arms about thy Legs are caſt,
And climbing for a Kiſs prevent their Mother's haſte,
Inſpiring ſecret pleaſure through thy Breaſt,
All theſe ſhall be no more: thy Friends oppreſt,
Thy Care and Courage now no more ſhall free:
Ah Wretch, thou cry'ſt, ah! miſerable me,
One woful day ſweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle bleſſings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou ſay'ſt is true;
Thy want and wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too,
Which well conſider'd, were a quick relief,
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou ſhalt ſleep and never wake again,
And quitting life, ſhall quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind,
No time ſhall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.

The worſt that can befall thee, meaſur'd right,
Is a ſound ſlumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that wou'd be thought the Wits,
Diſturb their mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the freſh Garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haſte to live,
Short are the joys that humane Life can give.
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt,
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe.
For ev'n in ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe,
Supinely lyes, as in the peaceful grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death,
Yet the firſt Atoms then, the ſeeds of breath

Are

Are moving near to ſenſe, we do but ſhake
And rouze that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs cou'd be.
For then our Atoms, which in Order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of Life has left an empty ſpace.
And laſt, ſuppoſe great Nature's Voice ſhou'd call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
What doſt thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous bleſſings I cou'd give
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd thro' thee like a Seive,

Why doſt thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous feaſt
Cram'd to the throat with life, and riſe and take (thy reſt?
But if my bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted Joys paſs'd thro' and wou'd not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If Life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I wou'd all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy burden Fool, and know thy Friend
To pleaſe thee I have empty'd all my ſtore,
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame Scene of things appears,
And wou'd be ever, cou'dſt thou ever live;
For Life is ſtill but Life, there's nothing new to give.
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a Bill?
We ſtand convicted, and our Cauſe goes ill.

But if a wretch, a man oppreſt by fate,
Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more diſdain,
Be ſtill thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of pain.
But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
What thou (ſhe cries) who haſt outliv'd content!
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my ſtore?
But this is ſtill th' effect of wiſhing more!
Unſatisfi'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things;
From hence it comes thy vain deſires at ſtrife
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
And ghaſtly death appear'd before thy ſight
E're thou had'ſt gorg'd thy Soul, and Senſes with de-(light.
Now leave thoſe joys unſuiting to thy age,
To a freſh Comer, and reſign the Stage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus ſhe chide?
No ſure; for 'tis her buſineſs to provide,

'Againſt this ever changing Frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to paſs away.
One Being worn, another Being makes;
Chang'd, but not loſt; for Nature gives and takes;
New Matter muſt be found for things to come,
And theſe muſt waſte like thoſe, and follow Natures doom.
'All things, like thee, have time to riſe and rot;
'And from each other's ruin are begot;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for uſe; to none for Property.
Conſider former ages paſt and gone,
Whoſe Circles ended long e're thine begun,
Then tell me, Fool, what part in them thou haſt?
Thus may'ſt thou judge the future by the paſt.
What horrour ſeeſt thou in that quiet State,
What Bugbear dreams to fright thee after Fate?
No Ghoſt, no Gobblins, that ſtill paſſage keep,
But all is there ſerene, in that eternal ſleep.

For

For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
No *Tantalus* looks us with fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on high:
But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easie hours:
Or vain imagin'd wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank Liver swell
To that prodigious Mass for their eternal meal.
Not tho' his monstrous bulk had cover'd o're
Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Gyants floor.
Nor in eternal torments cou'd he lie;
Nor cou'd his Corps sufficient food supply.
But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppress,
Or Tyrant Passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts is robb'd of rest.

The *Siſiphus* is he, whom noiſe and ſtrife
Seduce from all the ſoft retreats of life,
To vex the Government, diſturb the Laws,
Drunk with the Fumes of popular applauſe,
He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
And ſweats and toils in vain, to mount the Sovereign (Seat.
For ſtill to aim at Pow'r, and ſtill to fail,
Ever to ſtrive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but in reaſon's true account
To heave the Stone againſt the riſing Mount;
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils & rowls impetuous down, and ſmoaks along (the plain.
Then ſtill to treat thy ever craving mind
With ev'ry bleſſing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and ſeaſons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore,
But ſtill the Wolf within thee barks for more;

This

This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell
Of fifty fooliſh Virgins damn'd in Hell
To leaky Veſſels, which the Liquor ſpill;
To Veſſels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.
But here on Earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty miſchiefs due:
Racks, Priſons, Poiſons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and ſuffocating Smoak,
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging horrour of a Conſcious Mind,
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of Puniſhment and Woe:
But looks for more, at the laſt gaſp of breath:
This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a death.

Mean

Mean time, when thoughts of death disturb thy head;
Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead;
Ancus thy better far, was born to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail Mortality?
So many Monarchs with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
That haughty King, who Lorded o're the Main,
And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)
Him Death, a greater Monarch, overcame;
Nor spar'd his Guards the more, for their immortal name.
The *Roman* Chief, the *Carthaginian* Dread,
Scipio the Thunder-bolt of War is dead,
And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.

The

The Founders of invented Arts are loſt;
And Wits who made Eternity their boaſt;
Where now is *Homer* who poſſeſt the Throne?
Th'immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.

Democritus perceiving age invade,
His body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the ſummons with a chearful face;
Made haſte to welcom death, and met him half the race.
That ſtroke, ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,
Though he in Wit ſurpaſs'd Mankind, as far
As does the Midday Sun, the Midnight Star.
And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy breath,
Whoſe very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy Sleep poſſeſt;
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at beſt,
Day-Dreams and ſickly thoughts revolving in thy breaſt.

Eternal

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whoſe cauſe and cure thou never hop'ſt to find;
But ſtill uncertain, with thy ſelf at ſtrife,
Thou wander'ſt in the *Labyrinth* of Life.
O, if the fooliſh race of man, who find
A weight of cares ſtill preſſing on their mind,
Cou'd find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breaſt,
Sure they wou'd change their courſe; nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow.
Uneaſie both in Countrey and in Town,
They ſearch a place to lay their burden down.
One reſtleſs in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
But ſtraight returns; for he's as reſtleſs there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.

Ano-

Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No ſooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore;
Or ſeeks the City which he left before.
Thus every man o're-works his weary will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his ill;
The ſhaking Fit returns and hangs upon him ſtill.
No proſpect of repoſe, nor hope of eaſe;
The Wretch is ignorant of his diſeaſe;
Which known wou'd all his fruitleſs trouble ſpare;
For he wou'd know the World not worth his care:
Then wou'd he ſearch more deeply for the cauſe;
And ſtudy Nature well, and Nature's Laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate;
But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State;
That never changing State which all muſt keep
Whom Death has doom'd to everlaſting ſleep.

Why

Why are we then ſo fond of mortal Life,
Beſet with dangers, and maintain'd with ſtrife.
A Life which all our care can never ſave;
One fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Beſides we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne're ſtrike out; but beat the former ground
And the ſame maukiſh Joys in the ſame track are found.
For ſtill we think an abſent bleſſing beſt;
Which cloys, and is no bleſſing when poſſeſt;
A new ariſing wiſh expels it from the Breaſt.
The Feav'riſh thirſt of Life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to morrow we ſhall try,
What dregs of life in the laſt draught may lie.
Nor, by the longeſt life we can attain;
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.

When

When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
The Man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to day, and will as long be ſo,
As he who dy'd a thouſand years ago.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIUS

The Fourth Book.

Concerning the Nature of Love;

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

THus therefore, he who feels the Fiery dart
Of ſtrong deſire transfix his amorous heart,
Whether ſome beauteous Boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier Maid with unreſiſted grace,
From her each part the winged Arrow ſends,
From whence he firſt was ſtruck, he thither tends;
Reſtleſs he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the ſprightly Seed.
For fierce deſire does all his mind employ,
And ardent Love aſſures approaching Joy.

Such

Such is the nature of that pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe burning drops diſtill upon the heart,
The Feaver of the Soul ſhot from the fair,
And the cold Ague of ſucceeding care.
If abſent, her Idea ſtill appears;
And her ſweet name is chiming in your ears:
But ſtrive thoſe pleaſing Phantoms to remove,
And ſhun th' Aerial images of Love;
That feed the flame: When one moleſts thy mind
Diſcharge thy Loyns on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiſer way than to reſtrain
Within thy ſwelling nerves, that hoard of pain.
For every hour ſome deadlier ſymptom ſhows,
And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd;
The Viper Love muſt on the wound be bruis'd:
On that one object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay,
But force the tide of thought ſome other way:

The ſquander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature ſow.
Nor wants he all the bliſs, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the pleaſure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And leſs affect the ſickly than the ſound.
When Love its utmoſt vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a reſtleſs wandring joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild exceſs,
With hands or eyes, what firſt he wou'd poſſeſs:
But ſtrains at all; and faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantique pains:
With biteing kiſſes hurts the twining fair,
Which ſhews his joys imperfect, unſincere:
For ſtung with inward rage, he flings around,
And ſtrives t'avenge the ſmart on that which gave the wound.

But

But Love thoſe eager bitings does reſtrain,
And mingling pleaſure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope ſtill flatters anxious grief,
And ſends him to his Foe to ſeek relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For Love, and Love alone of all our joys
By full poſſeſſion does but fan the fire,
The more we ſtill enjoy, the more we ſtill deſire.
Nature for meat, and drink provides a ſpace;
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place;
Hence thirſt and hunger may be ſatisfi'd,
But this repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, Feature, Colour, whatſoe're delight
Provokes the Lovers endleſs appetite,
Theſe fill no ſpace, nor can we thence remove
With Lips, or Hands, or all our inſtruments of Love:
In our deluded graſp we nothing find,
But thin aerial ſhapes, that fleet before the mind.

As he who in a dream with drought is curſt,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirſt,
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to ſteep,
And vainly ſwills and labours in his ſleep;
So Love with Phantoms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies;
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they ſtrain,
But wander o're the lovely Limbs in vain:
Nor when the Youthful pair more cloſely joyn,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs (they twine
Juſt in the raging foam of full deſire,
When both preſs on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they ſqueeze, their humid tongues they dart,
As each wou'd force their way to t'others heart:
In vain; they only cruze about the coaſt,
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies loſt:
As ſure they ſtrive to be, when both ingage,
that tumultuous momentany rage, So

So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
Till Man dissolves in that excess of joy.
Then, when the gather'd bag has burst its way,
And ebbing tydes the slacken'd nerves betray,
A pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,
Till with recruited rage new Spirits boil;
And then the same vain violence returns,
With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.
Agen they in each other wou'd be lost,
But still by adamantine bars are crost;
All wayes they try, successless all they prove,
To cure the secret sore of ling'ring Love.
Besides——
They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
And to a Womans will enslave their Life;
Th' Estate runs out, and Mortgages are made,
All Offices of friendship are decay'd;
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.

Assyrian Ointment from their Temples flows,
And Diamond Buckles sparkle at their Shooes.
The chearful Emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign Lands:
And the blew Coat that with imbroid'ry shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o're labour'd Loyns.
Their frugal Fathers gains they mis-employ,
And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry female toy.
French fashions, costly treats are their delight;
The Park by day, and Plays and Balls by night.
In vain:——
For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
First Guilty Conscience does the mirrour bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting,
And anxious thoughts within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mispent, luxurious Life.

Perhaps

Perhaps the fickle Fair One proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind;
And leaves a ranckling jealouſie behind.
Perhaps he watches cloſe her amorous eyes,
And in the act of Ogling does ſurpriſe;
And thinks he ſees upon her Cheeks the while,
The dimpled tracks of ſome foregoing ſmile:
His raging Pulſe beats thick, and his ſpent Spirits boil.
This is a product ev'n of proſp'rous Love,
Think then what pangs diſaſt'rous paſſions prove!
Innumerable Ills; diſdain, diſpair,
With all the Meager Family of care:
Thus, as I ſaid, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the Diſeaſe, and late repent:
Becauſe to ſhun th' allurement is not hard,
To minds reſolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:

But wond'rous difficult, when once beſet,
To ſtruggle thro' the ſtreights, and break th' involving Net.
Yet thus inſnar'd thy freedom thou may'ſt gain,
If, like a Fool, thou doſt not hug thy chain;
If not to ruin obſtinately blind,
And willfully endeavouring not to find,
Her plain defects of body and of mind.
For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers uſe,
T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuſe.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we ſee
They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity:
Ev'n what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating name:
The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their Love,
If freckled ſhe's a party-colour'd Dove.

If

If little, then she's Life and Soul all o're:
An *Amazon*, the large two handed Whore.
She stammers, oh what grace in lisping lies,
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.
Th' o're-grown, a goodly *Ceres* is expreſt,
A bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the leaſt.
Flat Noſe the name of Satyr never miſſes,
And hanging blobber lips, but pout for kiſſes.
The task were endleſs all the reſt to trace:
Yet grant she were a *Venus* for her face,
And shape, yet others equal beauty share;
And time was you cou'd live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Then homelier women full as well can do.

Be

Beſides ſhe daubs, and ſtinks ſo much of paint,
Her own Attendants cannot bear the ſcent:
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold:
Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining Lover ſtands before the Gates,
And there with humble adoration waits:
Crowning with flow'rs the threſhold and the floor,
And printing kiſſes on th' obdurate door:
Who if admitted in that nick of time,
If ſome unſav'ry Whiff, betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel ſtraight, if there be none,
Or makes ſome faint excuſes to be gone:
And calls himſelf a doating Fool to ſerve,
Aſcribing more than Woman can deſerve.
Which well they underſtand like cunning Queans;
And hide their naſtineſs behind the Scenes.
From him they have allur'd, and wou'd retain,
But to a piercing Eye, 'tis all in vain:

For

common ſenſe brings all their cheats to view,
the falſe light diſcovers by the true:
hich a wiſe Harlot owns, and hopes to find
ardon for defects, that run through all the kind.
t always do they feign the ſweets of Love,
hen round the panting Youth their pliant limbs
they move;
nd cling, and heave, and moiſten ev'ry kiſs,
hey often ſhare, and more than ſhare the bliſs:
rom every part, ev'n to their inmoſt Soul,
hey feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour
to the Goal.
Stirr'd with the ſame impetuous deſire
Birds, Beaſts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males re-(quire:
Becauſe the throbbing Nature in their veins
Provokes them to aſſwage their kindly pains:
The luſty leap th' expecting Female ſtands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.

Thus

Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd
Nor ſhouting Boys, nor blows their union can divi
At either end they ſtrive the linck to looſe;
In vain, for ſtronger *Venus* holds the nooſe.
Which never wou'd thoſe wretched Lovers do,
But that the common heats of Love they know;
The pleaſure therefore muſt be ſhar'd in common
too.
And when the Woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the Man's, the mixture will produce
The Mother's likeneſs; when the Man prevails,
His own reſemblance in the Seed he ſeals.
But when we ſee the new begotten Race
Reflect the features of each Parent's face,
Then of the Father's and the Mother's blood,
The juſtly temper'd Seed is underſtood:
When both conſpire, with equal ardour bent,
From every limb the due proportion ſent,

When

en neither party foils, when neither foil'd,
gives the blended features of the Child.
metimes the Boy, the Grandsire's Image bears;
metimes the more remote Progenitor he shares;
cause the genial Atoms of the Seed
long conceal'd e're they exert the breed:
d after sundry Ages past, produce
e tardy likeness of the latent Juice.
ence Families such different figures take,
d represent their Ancestors in face and hair,
and make.
cause of the same Seed, the voice, and hair,
And shape, and face, and other members are,
And the same antick mould the likeness does
prepare.
Thus oft the Father's likeness does prevail
In Females, and the Mother's in the Male.

For

For ſince the Seed is of a double kind.
From that where we the moſt reſemblance find,
We may conclude the ſtrongeſt tincture ſent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above,
Deny production to the act of Love,
Or hinder Fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren Womb the Matron ſhame;
As many think, who ſtain with Victims blood
The mournful Altars, and with Incenſe load:
To bleſs the ſhow'ry ſeed with future Life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd Wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or Magick numbers try:
For barrenneſs of Sexes will proceed.
Either from too Condens'd, or watry Seed;
The watry juice too ſoon diſſolves away,
And in the parts projected will not ſtay;

e too Condens'd, unsould, unwieldly mass
ops short, nor carries to the destin'd place:
r pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
ll mingle with the kindly moisture of the Womb.
r Nuptials are unlike in their success,
me Men, with fruitful Seed some Women bless;
nd from some Men some Women fruitful are;
ch as their Constitutions joyn or jarr:
nd many, seeming barren Wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolifique Men,
Have fill'd a Family with pratling Boys:
nd many not supply'd at home with joys,
ave found a Friend abroad, to ease their smart,
nd to perform the Sapless Husband's part.
So much it does import, that Seed with Seed
Shou'd of the kindly mixture make the breed:
nd thick with thin, and thin with thick shou'd joyn,
So to produce and propagate the Line.

Of ſuch concernment too is Drink and Food,
T'incraſſate, or attenuate the blood.
Of like importance is the poſture too,
In which the genial feat of Love we do:
For as the Females of the four foot kind,
Receive the leapings of their Males behind;
So the good Wives with Loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their hands the fruitful ſtroke may try:
For in that poſture will they beſt conceive:
Not when ſupinely laid they friſk and heave;
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of Strumpets than of Wives they ſhow;
When anſwering ſtroke with ſtroke, the mingled liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too briſk a bound,
Throws off the Plow-ſhare from the furrow'd ground.

common Harlots in conjunction heave,
cauſe 'tis leſs their buſineſs to conceive
han to delight, and to provoke the deed;
trick which honeſt Wives but little need.
or is it from the Gods, or *Cupid*'s dart,
hat many a homely woman takes the heart;
Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaſte,
nd clean, will hold their wandring Husbands faſt.
uch are the links of Love, and ſuch a Love will laſt.
or what remains, long habitude, and uſe,
ill kindneſs in domeſtick Bands produce:
cuſtome will a ſtrong impreſſion leave;
nd bodies, which the lighteſt ſtroke receive,
length of time, will moulder and decay,
nd ſtones with drops of rain are waſh'd away.

From *LUCRETIUS*

Book the Fifth.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

THus like a Sayler by the tempeſt hurl'd
A ſhore, the Babe is ſhipwrack'd on the World:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that humane wants require:
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable Earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs Birth.
Straight with foreboding cryes he fills the Room;
(Too true preſages of his future doom.)
But Flocks, and Herds, and every Savage Beaſt
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.

They

ey want no Rattles for their froward mood,
r Nurſe to reconcile them too their food,
ith broken words; nor Winter blaſts they fear
r change their habits with the changing year:
r for their ſafety, Citadels prepare;
r forge the wicked Inſtruments of War:
bour'd Earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
f Nature's laviſh hands ſupplies their common
wants.

Theocrit. Idyllium the 18th.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN and MENELAUS.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

TWelve *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous Palace did resort,
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.
There hand in hand a comely Quire; they led;
To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
With curious Needles wrought, and painted flowers bespred.

Jove's

Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
And *Jove* himself was less a God than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why happy Bridegroom, why
Are yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,
Ere twilight shades, or Evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed?
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,
(But naughty Man thou dost not mean to sleep)
Take thee to thy Bed thou drowzy Drone,
Sleep by thy self and leave thy Bride alone:
So leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At sports more harmless, till the break of day:

Give us this Evening; thou haſt Morn and Night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth! to thee among the crowd
Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky *Omen* ſent before,
To meet thee Landing on the *Spartan* ſhore.
Of all our *Heroes* thou canſt boaſt alone,
That *Jove*, when e're he Thunders, calls thee Son:
Betwixt two Sheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare:
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, wou'd make a Kingly line:
But oh, a Girl, like her, muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve ſcore *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,

When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost;
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the Night, and Winter disappear,
The purple morning rising with the year
Salutes the Spring, as her Celestial eyes
Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies:
So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest:
As Pines the Mountains, or as Fields the Corn,
Or as *Thessalian* Steeds the race adorn:
So Rosie colour'd *Helen* is the pride
Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beside.
Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks commend:
With *Pallas* in the Loomb she may contend.
But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,
And the mute strings with Vocal Souls inspire,

Whether the Learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,
Or chaſt *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
None can record their Heavenly praiſe ſo well
As *Helen*, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand *Cupids* dwell.
O fair, O Graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,
But whom to moorrow's Sun a Matron ſhall behold:
Yet e're to morrow's Sun ſhall ſhow his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating Lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our Nobleſt Maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of *Lotos*, form'd into a wreath.
This Monument thy Maiden beauties due,
High on a Plane tree ſhall be hung to view;
On the ſmooth rind the Paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy Name ingrav'd; and worſhip *Helen*'s Tree:

Balm

lm, from a Silver box diſtill'd around,
(ground;
ll all bedew the roots, and ſcent the Sacred
he balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,
Helen's name will keep it ever young.
ail Bride, hail Bridegroom, Son in Law to Jove!
th fruitful joys, Latona bleſs your Love;
Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
dd vigour to your wills and fuel to your fires:
lmighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
ive much to you, and to his Grandſons more.

om generous Loyns a generous Race will ſpring,
ch Girl, like her, a Queen; each Boy, like you,
a King.
ow ſleep if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
eep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt.
ſe in the morn; but oh, before you riſe,
orget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.

We

We will be with you e're the crowing Cock
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd
Flock:
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
And view the mighty Spoils thou haſt in Battle
won.

Idyllium the 23d.

THE Despairing LOVER.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

With inauspicious Love, a wretched Swain
Persu'd the faireſt Nymph of all the Plain;
Faireſt indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
Her Heavenly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd,
His Perſon hated, and his Gifts deſpis'd:
Nor knew the force of *Cupid*'s cruel Darts,
Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on Humane Hearts;
But either from her hopeleſs Lover fled,
Or with diſdainful glances ſhot him dead.
No kiſs, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy;
No word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd ev'n to deny.

But

But as a hunted Panther caſts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her liſt'ning ears to (ſcout,
So ſhe, to ſhun his Toyls, her cares imploy'd,
And fiercely in her ſavage freedom joy'd.
Her mouh ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to (frown,
Her eyes to ſparkle fires to love unknown:
Her ſallow Cheeks her envious mind did ſhow,
And every feature ſpoke aloud the curſtneſs of a Shrew.
Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate eſcape,
His love ſtill dreſt her in a pleaſing ſhape:
And every ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn
But fann'd the fuel that too faſt did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He ſtrove to curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
At laſt his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.

With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love;
And any heart, but only hers wou'd move:
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood;
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah Nymph more cruel than of Human Race,
Thy Tygress Heart belies thy Angel Face:
Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone;
Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown:
Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd;
But so my Love, and so my Fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly Cord shall soon decide the strife,
Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsom life;
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.

Fare-

Farewell ungrateful and unkind, I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad Shades below.
I go th' extreamest Remedy to prove,
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
There happily to lose my long desires:
But ah, what draught so deep to quench my fires!
Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones
And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans:
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well;
What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White Lillies hang their heads and soon decay,
And whiter Snow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering fate:
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of Love; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.

Obdurate

Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at leaſt
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt!
When firſt you ope your doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill Omen'd Object meets your Eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey:
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
I wiſh, (but oh my wiſh is vain I fear,)
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place,
And ſpread your Mantle o're my grizly Face;
Upon my livid Lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
Even you are not more pitileſs than death.
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.

Thrice

Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast
And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest:
Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear,
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here:
Oh, Passengers *Aminta*'s Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love;
He heav'd with more than humane force, to move
A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbouring Beam:
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws;
And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose:
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful Fair
Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet (in Air,
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by:

And

And as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the
touch.
Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love:
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high:
Nodding a while; and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph
below:
Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring Voice was heard;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reacht my scorn;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and Love for Love return.

I DAPH-

DAPHNIS

From *Theocritus Idyll.* 27.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Daphnis.

THe Shepheard *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free conſent can boaſt a bliſs,
A fairer *Helen*, and a ſweeter kiſs.

Chloris Kiſſes are empty joys and ſoon are o're.

Daph. A Kiſs betwixt the Lips is ſomething more.

Chlo. I wipe my Mouth and where's your kiſſing then?

Daph. I ſwear you wipe it to be kiſs'd agen.

Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiſs your Cows at home;
I am a Maid, and in my Beauties bloom.

Daph. 'Tis

Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waſte your time;
But wiſely uſe it e're you paſs your prime.
Chlo. Blown Roſes hold their ſweetneſs to the laſt,
And Raiſins keep their luſcious native taſte.
Daph. The Sun's too hot; thoſe Olive ſhades are near;
I fain wou'd whiſper ſomething in your ear.
Chlo. 'Tis honeſt talking where we may be ſeen,
God knows what ſecret miſchief you may mean;
I doubt you'l play the Wag and kiſs agen.
Daph. At leaſt beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you're diſpos'd to hear.
Chlo. Play by your ſelf, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty Pipe go hang together.
Daph. Coy Nymph beware, leſt *Venus* you offend;
Chlo. I ſhall have chaſt *Diana* ſtill to friend.

Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart;

Chlo. *Diana* will defend, or heal my heart.
Nay, fie what mean you in this open place;
Unhand me, or, I ſwear, I'le ſcratch your face.
Let go for ſhame; you make me mad for ſpight;
My mouth's my own; and if you kiſs I'll bite.

Daph. Away with your diſſembling Female tricks.
What wou'd you 'ſcape the fate of all your Sex?

Chlo. I ſwear I'le keep my Maidenhead till death,
And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth.*

Daph. Nay mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Bettter with me, than with ſome nanſeous Clown.

Chlo. I'de have you know, if I were ſo inclin'd,
I have bin wo'd by many a wealthy Hind;
But never found a Husband to my mind.

Daph. But

Daph. But they are absent all; and I am here;
Chlo. The Matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear;
And Marriage is a woful word to hear,
Daph. A scar Crow, set to frighten fools away;
Marriage has joys; and you shall have a say.
Chlo. Sour sawce is often mix'd with our delight,
You kick by day more than you kiss by night.
Daph. Sham stories all; but say the worst you can,
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.
Chlo. But Child-birth is they say, a deadly pain;
It costs at least a Month to knit again,
Daph. *Diana* cures the wounds *Lucina* made;
Your Goddess is a Midwife by her Trade.
Chlo. But I shall spoil my Beauty if I bear.
Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.
Chlo. But there's a Civil question us'd of late?
Where lies my jointure, where your own Estate?

Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Pastures take,
With settlement as good as Law can make.

Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,
But marry me, and make an honest Woman.

Daph. I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears horns you'll say)
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'le not be forc'd away.

Chlo. I bargain for a Wedding Bed at least,
A house, and handsome Lodging for a Guest.

Daph. A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And for a Flock-bed I can sheer my Sheep.

Chlo. What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?

Daph. 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so well.

Chlo. But

Chlo. But after all, in troth I am to blame
To be ſo loving, e're I know your Name.
A pleaſant ſounding name's a pretty thing:
Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty name to ſing;
They call me *Daphnis*: *Lycidas* my Syre,
Both ſound as well as Woman can deſire.
Nomæa bore me; Farmers in degree,
He a good Husband, a good Houſwife ſhe.
Chlo. Your kindred is not much amiſs, 'tis true,
Yet I am ſomewhat better born than you.
Daph. I know your Father, and his Family;
And without boaſting am as good as he
Menelaus; and no Maſter goes before.
Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word more;
But if you love me let me ſee your Living,
Your Houſe and Home; for ſeeing is believing.

Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from noon;)

Chlo. Browze on my goats; for I'le be with you soon.

Daph. Feed well my *Bulls*, to whet your appetite; That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.

Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,) To touch my breasts, and leave my bosom (bare)

Daph. These pretty bubbies first I make my own.

Chlo. Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place: My Linnen ruffled, and my Wastcoat soyling; What do you think new Cloaths were made for spoyling?

Daph. I'le lay my Lambskins underneath thy back;

Chlo. My Head Geer's off; what filthy work you make!

Daph. To

Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these off'rings by;

Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.

Daph. The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of Love.

Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

Daph. I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,
And lie so close, I'le cover thee from Air.

Chlo. Y'are liberal now; but when your turn is sped,
You'l wish me choak'd with every cruft of Bread.

Daph. I'le give thee more, much more than I have told;
Wou'd I cou'd coyn my very heart to Gold.

Chlo. Forgive thy Handmaid (Huntress of the wood.)
I see there's no resisting flesh and blood!

Daph. The

Daph. The noble deed is done; my Herds I'le cull;
Cupid, be thine a *Calf*; and *Venus*, thine a *Bull*.
Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky hour,
But hence return, without my Virgin flour.
Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at beſt;
If thou canſt hold, I bid for Twins at leaſt.

Thus did this happy Pair their love diſpence
With mutual joys, and gratifi'd their ſenſe;
The God of Love was there a bidden Gueſt;
And preſent at his own Myſterious Feaſt.
His azure Mantle underneath he ſpred,
And ſcatter'd Roſes on the Nuptial Bed;
While folded in each others arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furniſh'd out the play,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy ſweat away.

rose the Maid and with a glowing Face,
down cast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;
ence to her Herd she sped her self in haste:
e bridegroom started from his Trance at last,
d piping homeward jocundly he past.

Horat

Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon *on his intended Voyage to* IRELAND.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)
And he, who rules the raging Wind
To thee, O Sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales,
As thou to whom the Muse commends,
The best of Poets and of Friends,
Dost thy committed Pledge restore:
And land him safely on the shore:

An

l ſave the better part of me,
m periſhing with him at Sea.
e he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
harden'd Oak his heart did hide,
d ribs of Iron arm'd his ſide!
r his at leaſt, in hollow wood,
ho tempted firſt the briny Flood:
or fear'd the winds contending roar,
or billows beating on the Shore:
or *Hyades* portending Rain:
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What form of death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Cou'd view the Surges mounting ſteep,
And Monſters rolling in the deep?
Cou'd through the ranks of ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!

In

In vain did Nature's wiſe command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main:
Th' eternal Fences over leap;
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
To toil, no hardſhip can reſtrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heaven the ſeed of Fire:
A train of Ills, a ghaſtly Crew,
The Robbers blazing track perſue;
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,
And Feavers of the fiery Race,
In ſwarms th' offending Wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:

And

d limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
mes up to shorten half our date.
is made not *Dedalus* beware,
th borrow'd wings to sail in Air:
o Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
ung'd through the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey:
y scarce the Gods, or Heav'nly Climes
e safe from our audacious Crimes;
e reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
nd pull the unwilling thunder down.

HORACE

Horace Lib. I. *Ode* 9.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

I.

BEhold yon Mountains hoary height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winters weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring Woods below:
And ſtreams with Icy Fetters bound,
Benum'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd Logs diſſolve the cold
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly Wit and Love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let

III.

Let him alone with what he made,
To toſs and turn the World below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his Commiſſion blow;
Till with a Nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To morrow and her works defie,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's delights diſdain,
What e're thou get'ſt to day is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys,
That Youth unſowr'd with ſorrow bears,
E're with ring time the taſte deſtroys,
With ſickneſs and unweildy years!
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

The pointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
Theſe, theſe are joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

Horat.

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3.

Paraphras'd in *Pindarique* Verſe;

AND

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable

Lawrence *Earl of* Rocheſter.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

I.

DEſcended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuſcan* Scepter ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſie wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the Wine ſparkles from a far,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care,
No mortal int'reſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for a while thy coſtly Country Seat;
And to be Great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the Great:
Make haſte and come:
Come and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy Turret that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe of *Rome*;
And all the buſie pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſure
(of the poor
Some

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of Poverty:
A ſavoury Diſh, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious Room,
The *Perſian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from a far;
And with his ſultry breath infects the Sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,
Beneath the covert of a Rock;

And

And ſeeks refreſhing Rivulets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams, new ſhades and
ſtreams require;
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the rage-
(ing fire.

IV.

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallique* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver bearing Foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from humane ſight
The dark decrees of future fate;
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State;
When Mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

Enjoy

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour;
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:
The tide of buſ'neſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extream.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force:
And trunks of Trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both Houſe and Homeſted into Seas are born,
And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And Woods made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd
(honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to day his own:
He, who ſecure within, can ſay
To morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſt, in ſpight of fate are mine.
Not Heav'n it ſelf upon the paſt has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does Man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her Office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs.
Still various and unconſtant ſtill;
But with an inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a Lottery of life.

I

I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm;
And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;
If the Mast split and threaten wreck,
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.

While

For me ſecure from Fortune's blows,
(Secure of what I cannot loſe,)
In my ſmall Pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly Stars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding Creek;
And ſee the ſtorm a-ſhore.

FROM

FROM HORACE,

Epod. 2d.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

HOw happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet Country life!
Discharg'd of business, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scrivener free.
(Thus e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
Who Plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of Corn.)
Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Drums disturb his morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.

The

The clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes nor dar'd with awe
To servile Salutations runs:
But either to the clasping Vine
Does the supporting Poplar wed,
Or with his pruning Hook disjoyn
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy in their stead:
Or climbing to a hilly Steep
He views his Herds in Vales afar
Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.
Or in the now declining year
When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And clust'ring Grapes with Purple spread.

The

The faireſt of this his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted graſs he lies;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The ſtream that o're the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his Eyes.
The Wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the conſort of the Song;
And hidden Birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of Winter blow,
And hoary froſts inverts the year,
Into the naked Woods he goes
And ſeeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.

Or

Or ſpreads his ſubtile Nets from ſight
With twinckling glaſſes to betray
The Larks that in the Meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſie Joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor Love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.
But if a chaſt and pleaſing Wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his Life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the *Sabine* Matrons were,
Such as the ſwift *Apulians* Bride,
Sunburnt and ſwarthy tho' ſhe be,
Will fire for Winter Nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee,
His Children and his Family,
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;

If

If she in Pens his Flocks will fold,
And then produce her Dairy store,
With Wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake
My sober appetite wou'd wish,
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
That rowling Tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly Dish.
Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
More pleasing morsels wou'd afford
Than the fat Olives of my Fields;
Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,
That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
To the just Guardian of my ground,

Amidst

Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the Plains;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his Oxen, ſweating ſmoak,
Bear on their Necks the looſen'd Yoke.
To look upon his menial Crew,
That ſit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome Food and Country Mirth.
This *Morecraft* ſaid within himſelf;
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own;
He call'd his Mony in:
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
And put it out again.

Part of *Virgils* 4th. *Georgick.*

Engliſhed by an unknown Hand.

Ariſteus, having loſt his Bees, goes by his Mother's direction to Proteus *to know why the Gods had ſent this Plague;* Proteus *tells him they ſent it to revenge the injury he had done* Orpheus, *in being the cauſe of his Bride's death, and ſo goes on with the Story of his Paſſion.*

NOw ſcorching *Sirius* burnt the thirſty Moors,
And Seas contracted left their naked ſhores;
The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring ſupply'd his flood,
And mid-day Rays boyl'd up the ſtreams to mud:
When *Proteus* coming to his uſual Cave,
The Sea Calf following ſpouts the brackiſh wave:
Spread o're the ſand the ſcatter'd Monſters lay,
He (like a Shepherd at the cloſe of day,

When

When Heifers ſeek their ſtalls, and round a Rock,
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke)
Sits mid'ſt the Beach, and counts the ſcaly flock.
Scarce was he laid, ſcarce ſleep had ſeal'd his eyes,
When *Ariſteus*, eager to ſurpriſe,
Invades and binds him: Strait he ſtarts and roars,
And with ſhrill noiſes fills the ecchoing ſhores:
He flies to his old Arts and ſtrives to 'ſcape,
By frequent change, and varying of his ſhape:
All monſtrous forms put on, he would appear
A Flame, a Flood, a Lion, or a Bear:
When nought avail'd he turn'd himſelf again;
And thus ſpoke, with the accent of a Man:
By whoſe advice haſt thou ſo raſhly preſt,
Bold Youth, on me? And what do'ſt thou requeſt?
You know, Great God, you know, the Swain reply'd,
For who can cheat you? who his wants can hide?

But

But ſtrive to change no more: I humbly come,
And by the Gods commands, to know my doom:
For what I'm puniſh'd, whence theſe plagues aroſe,
And by what means I may retrieve my loſs:
This ſaid, the angry God with fury ſhook,
His eyes ſhot flame, and horror chang'd his look,
He gnaſh'd his teeth, and thus at laſt he ſpoke.

No common Gods, no common Gods purſue,
Thou ſuffer'ſt what to thy great Crimes is due;
At wretched *Orpheus* ſuit theſe plagues commence,
Tho' (fate being kind) too ſmall for thy offence.
To Heavens ſtrict Juſtice he his wrongs apply'd,
And call'd down vengeance for his periſh'd Bride:
She, while ſhe fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
By heedleſs fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
Ne're ſaw the Snake glide o're the graſſie ground,
But e're ſhe knew the foe, ſhe felt the wound:

Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In groans the ſoften'd *Rhodope* replies;
Rough *Thrace* the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* ſtreams lament,
Forget their fury, and in grief conſent:
While he to doleful tunes his ſtrings does move,
And ſtrove to ſolace his uneaſie Love:
Thee, Thee, Dear Bride, on Deſart ſhores alone
He mourn'd at riſing, and at ſetting Sun:
His reſtleſs Love did natural fears expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
He ſaw the Grove, where gloomy horrors ſpread,
The Ghoſts and gaſtly Tyrant of the dead;
With thoſe rough Powers, that there ſeverely reign,
Unus'd to pity, when poor men complain:

He ſtrook his harp, and ſtrait a numerous throng
Of Airy People fled to hear the Song,

Thither

Thither vaſt troops of wretched Lovers came,
And ſhriekt at the remembrance of their flame;
With heavy grief and gloomy thoughts oppreſt,
Meagre each ſhape, and wounds in every breaſt;
(How deep, ah me! and wide muſt mine appear,
If ſo much Beauty can be ſo ſevere!)
With theſe, mixt troops of Fathers, Husbands, (Wives,
As thick as ſwarms of Bees fly round their Hives
At Evening cloſe, or when a Tempeſt drives:
With Ghoſts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whoſe dying eyes their Mothers clos'd:
Which now the dull unnavigable flood,
With black *Cocytus* horrid, weeds, and mud,
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels ſpread, confine:

The wondrous numbers ſoft'ned all beneath;
Hell, and the inmoſt flinty ſeats of Death;

Snakes round the *Furies* heads did upward rear,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the pleaſing Air;
While fiery *Styx* in milder ſtreams did rowl,
And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel ſtood ſtill, all tortures ceaſt,
And Hell amaz'd knew an unuſual reſt.

All dangers paſt beyond the reach of fear,
Reſtor'd *Euridice* breath'd the upper air,
Following behind (for mov'd by his complaint
Hell added this condition to the grant)
When fury ſoon the heedleſs Lover ſeiz'd,
(To be forgiven, if Hell cou'd be appeas'd)
For near the Confines of Ætherial Air,
Unmindful and unable to forbear,
He ſtopt, look'd back, (what cannot love perſwade?)
To take one view of the unhappy Maid;

Here

Here all his Pains were loſt, one greedy look
Defeats his hopes, and Hell's conditions broke,
Thrice *Styx* reſounded, thrice *Averne* ſhook:
A fatal Meſſenger from *Pluto* flew,
And ſnatch'd the forfeit from a ſecond view:

Backward ſhe fell; ah me! too greedy Youth,
(She cry'd) what fury now hath ruin'd both!
Death ſummons me again, cold fates ſurpriſe,
And Icy ſleep ſpreads o're my nodding eyes:
Wrapt up in night I feel the *Stygian* ſhore,
And ſtretch my arms to thee in vain, ah thine no
(more!

This ſcarce pronounc'd, like ſmoke diſperſt in
(air,
So vaniſh'd the twice-loſt unhappy Fair:
And left him catching at the flying Shade;
He ſtood diſtracted, much he would have ſaid,

In vain; for *Charon* wou'd not waft him o're,
Once he had paſs'd, and now muſt hope no more
What he ſhou'd do? where ſhou'd he ſeek repoſe?
Where flie the trouble of his ſecond loſs?
In what ſoft numbers ſhou'd the wretch complain?
And beg his dear *Eurydice* again;
She now grew cold in *Charon*'s boat beneath,
And ſadly ſail'd to the known Seats of Death:
But while nine circling months in order turn'd,
Beneath black rocks(thus Fame reports) he mourn'd:
By freezing *Strymon*'s unfrequented ſtream,
Eurydice, his loſt *Eurydice*, his Theme;
And while he ſang this ſad event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move:
With ſuch ſoft Tunes, and ſuch a doleful Song
Sweet Nightingales bewail their raviſht young,
Which ſome hard hearted Swain hath born away,
While Callow Birds, or kill'd the eaſie prey;

Reſtleſs

Reſtleſs they ſit, renew their mournful ſtrains,
And with ſad Paſſion fill their neighb'ring Plains.

No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd (move,
He fled the heinous thoughts of ſecond Love:
In vain the *Thracians* woed, wit, wealth, eſteem,
Thoſe great Enticers, loſt their force on him:
Alone he wander'd through the *Scythian* Snows,
Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows;
Through fields ſtill white with froſt, or beat with (hail,
Conſtant to grief, and eager to bewail:
Eurydice the Gods vain gift employs
His thoughts, and makes him deaf to other joys.

The ſlighted *Thracians* heat this ſcorn increaſt,
They breath'd revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus* feaſt,
(For what ſo ſoon as wine makes fury burn?
And what can wound a Maid ſo deep as ſcorn?)

Full

Full of their God they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
Scatter'd his limbs, and drank his reeking gore:
His head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along
Eurydice fell from his dying tongue,
His parting Soul, when flying through the wound,
Cry'd ah *Eurydice*, the floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the banks resound.

THE

The Sixth

ELEGY

Of the Firſt Book of

TIBULLUS.

OFt I by Wine have try'd to lull my cares,
But vexing grief turn'd all my Wine to Tears;
Each ſprightly bottle did but ſtill ſupply
Another Fountain for my weeping Eye:
I chang'd my Love, but midſt the kind embrace
I think on her, and my attempt decays:
The Maid deluded from my feeble Arms
Straight ſtarts, and ſhrieks, and much complains of Charms;

I know, says she, strong charms thy force restrain,
You us'd to prove your self a greater Man;
Go, dull unactive Load, thy strength restore,
Then come prepar'd, and mock my hopes no more.
Ah me! no Charms but her bewitching face,
Damps all my thoughts, and deadens my embrace:
Yet now a wealthy Fool and Bawd conspire,
A griping Bawd, to blast my just desire;
And what can the poor Man securely hold
Against the force of Treachery and Gold!
I faint, I die, yet e're I mount above,
I'le call down vengeance for my injur'd Love;
Let hatred blast her, and the publick scorn,
Who drew the Fair One first to be forsworn.
Unpity'd, hated, let her range the Streets,
Worry'd by Dogs, and curst by all she meets:
At night let groaning Spectres round her wait,
And break her rest complaining of their Fate:

All

All this will come, I ſhall be pleas'd to ſee
The ſpeedy puniſhment of Treachery:
No ſlow delay ſhall coming fate prolong;
For *Venus* ſoon reſents a Lover's wrong:
But take heed, Fair One, be no longer aw'd,
But fly the cunning precepts of the Bawd;
The Rich Man's bribes, her greedy hope devours,
She pleads for her own profit, not for yours:
For tho' the wealthy may preſent you more,
He cannot pay the ſervice of the poor.
The poor is ready, he will ne're diſdain
The meaneſt ſervile Office of thy Train;
He'll bear thy Chair, of the preferment proud,
Or force a paſſage for you through the Crowd.
What ever friendſhips ſtricteſt ty's can crave,
Or utmoſt duty challenge from a Slave:
In vain, I ſing, nor will my words command,
This Gate ne're opens to an empty hand:

 But

But, happy Sir, who doſt thy conqueſt boaſt
And triumph in the ſpoils that I have loſt,
Take heed, I warn Thee, my approaches fear;
What you muſt ſuffer learn by what I bear.

OVID's *Dream.*

'TWas Night and lazy ſleep my Eyes confin'd,
But left an open paſſage to my mind:
Theſe wondrous Viſions made a frightful train
In too ſurpriſing figures to be vain:
At a large Mountain's foot, a Grove aroſe,
The ſhades lay thick and Birds beneath the boughs;
A Green ſpread wide the wandring Eye detains,
Water'd with ſprings that murmur'd through the Plains:
Beneath the ſhade, methoughts, I careleſs lay,
To cool the former fury of the day;

Yet

Yet tho' I found the outward warmth retreat,
I ſtill was fire, and felt an inward heat.
When lo a Cow, that left the meaner Herd
For better Paſtures, to my eyes appear'd;
More white than falling ſnow to mortal view,
Or Milk juſt frothing from the burden'd Ewe:
For common ſight can make but ſmall pretence
Compar'd to fancy unconfin'd by ſenſe:
A Bull, the happy Conſort of the Cow,
Lay by her ſide, lookt pleas'd, and ſeem'd to low.
But whilſt he lay, and gently chew'd the Cud,
Feeding again upon his former Food,
Sleep weakning all his ſtrength, he bent his head,
And lay extended on the graſſy bed:
And as he ſlept a Pye fled nimbly down,
Chatter'd a while, drew near, then bolder grown,
Peckt at the Cow; then chatter'd once again,
The Cow appear'd uneaſie at the Pain;

Till

Till chattering on, he ſeem'd to pleaſe the Beaſt,
Then fled, but left a ſtain upon her breaſt.
The Cow look'd round upon her ſleeping Mate,
As loath to leave him, and yet urg'd by fate;
Thrice look'd, thrice low'd, but yet at laſt ſhe fled
To other Bulls, and wantonly ſhe fed:
Forgot the Paſtures of the former Plain,
And never look'd upon her Mate again.
Heav'n! What's foreſhew'd me by this ſtrange portent:
If 'tis not a meer fancy what is meant?
Tell, ſacred Augur, you are us'd to ſee
Events in Cauſes, and read Fates decree.
At this the Augur ſhook his reverend head,
And pondering all the circumſtances, ſaid:
The heat which you did to the ſhades remove
To cool but could not, was the Heat of Love:
The Cow, thy Miſtreſs; white before betray'd;
White is the decent colour for a Maid:

The

The Bull thy ſelf, tho' ſcorn'd and hated now,
The happy equal Conſort of the Cow:
The Pye that peckt, the Bawd, whoſe treacherous art
Prevail'd upon thy Miſtreſs eaſie heart,
And drew her to be falſe; what weak deſigns,
And ſmall Temptations, win when Nature joyns!
The ſtain upon her Breaſt declares her ſin,
And ſhows the Scarlet faults that lurk within:
My Blood grew cold at this ſurpriſing fright,
I wak't, and all around ſtood deepeſt night.

A

PROLOGUE

Intended for the

DUKE and no *DUKE.*

A Pox! who'd be a Poet in our days?
When ev'ry Coxcomb crowns his Head with Bays,
And ſtands a ſaucy Candidate for Praiſe.
The ſurly Scriblers ſturdy Vice ingage,
And draw their blunted *Satyr* on the Age.
Vainly they ſtrive and weakly for renown.
So *Spaniards* firſt make War then loſe the Town:
They fellow fools to their Tribunal call,
There's no ſpare Fop now left amongſt you all.

They've

They've robb'd our Poet of you quite to day,
You were the ſtanding Prologue to each Play.
The want of you may chance to ſpoil his treat,
A well dreſs'd Fop was the beſt diſh of Meat:
But 'tis not civil you to entertain
With the chaw'd Fragments of your ſelves again.
To court the Ladies is in vain, I fear,
They're all beſpoke by ſome ſmall Soniteer.
You cannot ſpie a Dam'ſel in this throng
But's an elected *Phyllis* for a Song.
For our good natur'd Fools, of late incline,
In ſenſeleſs Sonnets much to ſigh and whine;
Thinking their wit, and Paſſion to rehearſe,
The Maudlin Blockheads love to weep in Verſe.
But ſtill the Poet is the Lover's Foe,
And makes the Nation merry with his Woe.
Who wou'd not laugh, tho' he is vex'd, to ſee
Nokes put to Act the great *Marc-Antony*.

Heaven ſend us help in theſe Poetick times,
And free us from the Peſtilence of Rhimes;
There's not a word of ſenſe remains, God knows,
When Songs are ſtrip'd of Rhime to Naked Proſe.
Our Poet's at a loſs to find a way
To recomend to you his Farce or Play,
He will not uſe the Painters ſureſt Art
To win to day the Male and Female heart.
Courſe painting will delight your wanton eye
If in it naked Nature you deſcrie.
Adam and *Eve* muſt not their Fig leaves wear,
But they, good old Folks, too muſt both ſtand bare.
He that will pleaſe our moſt Religious Age
Muſt bring a naked Muſe upon the Stage;
Leudneſs of Wit has been the ſingle Teſt
And fulſome Baudy's your beloved Jeſt.

Our

Our Poet fears that this will prove too chaſte,
For you will ſee her ſtrip'd but to the Waſte;
But if the modeſt Dam'ſel you refuſe,
Next Venture, Poſture *Mall* ſhall be his Muſe.

The Fourteenth Ode

Of the Second Book of

HORACE.

I.

AH! Friend, the posting years how fast they (fly?
Nor can the strickteſt Piety
Defer incroaching Age,
Or Death's reſiſtleſs Rage,
If you each day
A Heckatomb of Bulls ſhou'd ſlay,
The ſmoaking Hoſt cou'd not ſubdue
The Tyrant to be kind to you.
From *Geryon*'s Head he ſnatch'd the Tripple Crown.
Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbl'd down.

The

The Prince and Peſant of this World muſt be
Thus wafted to Eternity.

II.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempeſtuous Sea.
In vain they take ſuch care
To ſhield their bodies from Autumnal Air.
Diſmal *Cocytus* they muſt ferry o're,
Whoſe languid ſtream moves dully by the ſhore.
And in their paſſage we ſhall ſee
Of tortur'd Ghoſts the various Miſery.

III.

Thy ſtately Houſe, thy pleaſing Wife
And Children, (bleſſings dear as Life,)

Muſt all be left nor ſhalt thou have
Of all thy grafted Plants, one Tree;
Unleſs the diſmal *Cypreſs* follow thee,
The ſhort-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.
But the impriſon'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir ſhall ſtraight ſet free.
Releas'd from Lock, and Key, the ſparkling wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* ſhine.

The

THE First IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS, Translated into *English.*

THYRSIS.

Goat-Herd, the Musick of yon whistling Pine,
Tho' sweet, yet is not half so sweet as thine,
Thou, when the sound of thy shrill Pipe is heard
Art next to our great Master *Pan* prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If *Pan* receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unquestion'd Due:
If He a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to You.
And Kids you know, until the swelling Teat
Yeilds Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

Goat-

Goat-Herd.

Sweeter thy Numbers, *Shepherd*, and thy Song,
Than that fair lovely Stream which down along
From yonder Hillock's gently riſing Side
Pours the ſmooth Current of its eaſie Tide.
If a white Ew the *Muſes* Off'ring be,
A Spotleſs Lamb ſhall be thy ſecond Fee:
If there's a Lamb; the Ew's reſerv'd for thee.

Thyrſis.

And wilt thou, *Goat-herd*, on yon riſing ground,
With Streams refreſh'd, & ſpreading Myrtles crown'd,
Say, wilt thou one ſweet charming Song rehearſe?
I'll feed thy Flock, and liſten to thy Verſe.

Goat-Herd.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground:
'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the ſound.
Weary'd with Sport, he there lies down to reſt:
And 'tis an angry God when at the beſt.

But

But, *Thyrſis*, you can *Daphnis* Story tell,
And underſtand the Rural Numbers well.
Let us retire then to the *Sylvan* Shade,
By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,
Where an old Seat ſtands rear'd upon the Green:
Hard by *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* are ſeen.
There if thou ſing one of thy Nobleſt Lays,
And thy loud voice in ſuch ſweet Accents raiſe,
As when you baffled *Chromc*, and won the Bays;
Thrice ſhalt thou milk my Goat; come, prithee do:
Two Pails ſhe fills, although ſhe ſuckles Two:
Beſides a brave large Goblet ſhall be thine;
New made, new turn'd, and ſmelling wond'rous fine
Sweet wholſom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
And two neat handles grace the well wrought ſides.
About the brim a creeping *Ivy* twines,
Through whoſe brown leaves the brighter *Crocus* ſhines.

Within

Within, a *Woman*'s lovely Image ſtands:
(A noble Piece! not wrought by Mortal Hands!)
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes:
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
By Her two blooming Youths by turns complain,
Each ſtriving who ſhall the bleſt Conqueſt gain:
Both eagerly contend, but both in vain.
She now on This her wanton Glances throws.
And now on That a careleſs Smile beſtows:
Whilſt they their big ſwol'n Eye-lids hardly rear,
And ſilently accuſe the Cruel Fair.
Next on a Cliff a Fiſher-man you'll view,
Who eagerly does his Lov'd Sport purſue.
His gather'd Net juſt hov'ring o're the Sea,
He labours at the Caſt on his half bended Knee.
You'd ſwear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is, ſo fitted for the Throw.

His

His Neck enlarg'd with ſwelling Veins appears:
Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
Not far from hence a ſeeming *Vineyard* grows,
The Vines all neatly ſet in graceful Rows,
Whoſe weighty Cluſters bend the yielding Boughs.
And a *Young Lad* on a Tree's neighb'ring Root
Sits idlely by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
By him, two *Foxes* unregarded ſteal:
Each craftily deſigns a diff'rent Meal.
One tow'rds the Vineyard caſts a longing Eye;
Looks to and fro; and then creeps ſoftly by:
Whil'ſt t'other couch'd in a cloſe Ambuſcade
To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
Reſolves not firſt to quit the *deſtin'd* Prey,
Till he has ſent the *Younker* Supperleſs away.
Mean while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flies.

With

With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
Surveys it, and applauds his own Designs:
Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.
The Cup besides a *Wood-bine* does contain,
Which round the bottom wreaths its leafy Train,
Admir'd and envy'd by each gazing Swain!
I know, you'll say your self, 'tis strangely fine!
The Workman, and the Workmanship Divine!
I bought it when I crost th' *Ætolian Seas*,
The price a dainty Kid, and a large New-milk Cheese;
Unus'd it lies, unsully'd, neat and trim:
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the shinining Brim.
With This I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
Would'st thou but sing those my beloved Strains.
Nor envy I thy Skill: No——envious Death
Too soon (alas!) will stop that charming Breath:
Come on then, Sing, *Dear Shepherd*, while you may.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis.

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
'Tis *Thyrsis* sings, *Thyrsis* on *Ætna* born:
The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.
Where were the Nymphs? Where in that fatal day,
When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away!
Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* stray?
(For sure ye were not by *Anapus* side,
Nor *Ætna*'s Top, nor *Acis* Silver Tide.)
Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:
They came, they saw; and with swoln Eyes return'd.
Lyons themselves, did uncouth Sorrows bear,
Their Savage Fierceness softning to a Tear.
Close by his Feet the Bulls, and Heifers lay;
The Calves forgot their Feeding and their Play;
Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Swift

Swift *Hermes* firſt came down to his Relief:
Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this fooliſh Grief
What Nymph, what Goddeſs ſteals thy heart away
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Next him the *Shepherds*, and the *Goat-herds* came
All ask'd the Reaſon of ſo ſtrange a Flame.
Priapus came too———
He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,
Why all this Grief? ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?
While the falſe Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,
Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o're the Plains,
Where e're blind Chance or Fancy leads the way:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Ah! fooliſh and impatient of the Smart,
With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!
An * *Herdſman* thou wert thought; a *Goat-herd*
ſure thou art.

* Βοῦσας μὰν ἐλέγεν· νῦν δ' ἀπήλῳ ἀνδέι εοικας.

The

The Goat-herd when from ſome old craggy Rock
He views the ſportful Paſtimes of his Flock,
And ſees 'em how they friſk, and how they play,
Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they:
Begin ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
And you too, when you ſee the Nymphs advance
Their nimble Feet in a well order'd Dance,
And hear 'em how they talk; and ſee 'em how they
ſmile;
Are griev'd that you muſt ſtand neglected all the
while.
All this, without an Anſwer, heard the Swain
Still he went on, and nouriſh'd ſtill the Pain.
He found his Love increaſe, and Life decay:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head:
Wore an inſulting Smile, and thus ſhe ſaid.

You thought, fond Swain, that you could lo
ſubdue:
But love, it ſeems, at laſt has conquer'd you,
Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his ſway:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
She ſpake—And thus the mournful Swain reply'd
Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beſide!
Ah! cruel Goddeſs! ſpare thy Taunts at laſt;
Nor urge a Death, that's drawing on ſo faſt.
Too well I know, my fatal hour is come,
My *Sun declining to its Weſtern Home.
Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Hence *Cyprian Queen*, to *Ida*'s Tops repair.
Anchiſes, lov'd *Anchiſes* waits you there.
There ſpreading Oaks will cover you around:
Here humble Shrubs ſcarce peep above the Groun

* Ἤδε γὰρ φράσδει πάνθ' ἥλιον ἅμμι δεδύκειν.

An

nd busy Bees are humming all the Day.
he noise is great, 'twill spoil your am'rous Play:
Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
donis too!——The Boy is lovely fair!
e feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare;
nd boldly chases ev'ry Beast of prey:
Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
he Panthers, Lyons, and the Wolves adieu!
ho now shall traverse the thick Woods with you?
o more shall you be chas'd, no more shall I pursue!
ail *Arethusa*, lovely Fountain hail!
(Vale!
arewell ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber*'s flowry
arewell!——The Gods forbid my longer Stay:
Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
n, *Pan* where'er your wandring Footsteps move;
ether on *Lyce*'s airy Tops you rove,
r sporting in the vast *Mænalian* Grove:

Haſte, quickly haſte; leave the high Tomb, that nod
O'er *Helick*'s Cliff, the wonder of the Gods!
And to fair *Sicily* thy ſteps convey:
Leave off, fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Here take my waxen Pipe, well joyn'd, and fit;
And uſeleſs Pipe to me! and I to it!
For Love and Fate have ſummon'd me away;
Leave off, Fond Muſe, leave off the Rurural Lay.
On Brambles now let Violets be born,
And op'ning Roſes bluſh on ev'ry Thorn:
Let all things Nature's Contradiction wear,
And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.
Since *Daphnis* dyes, what can be ſtrange, or new?
Hounds now ſhall fly, and trembling Fawns purſue;
Scriech-Owls ſhall ſing, and thruſhes yield the day:
Leave off, fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Thus *Daphnis* ſpake, and more he wou'd have ſung,
But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.

Fa

ir *Venus* ſtrove to raiſe her drooping Son;
vain ſhe ſtrove: for his laſt thread was ſpun.
ack Stygian Waves ſurround the darling Boy
f every Nymph, and every Muſes Joy.
ifeleſs he lyes, and ſtill as harden'd Clay,
ho was ſo Young, ſo Lovely and ſo Gay:
Leave off, Fond Muſe, Leave off the rural Lay.
he Cup and Goat you cannot now refuſe:
ll milk her, and I'll offer to my Muſe.
ll hail, ye Muſes that inſpire my Tongue!
better day ſhall have a better Song.

Goat-herd.

May dropping Combs on thoſe ſweet Lips diſtill,
nd thy Lov'd Mouth with Attick Honey fill.
or much, much ſweeter is thy Tuneful Voice,
han, when on Sunny days with chearful noiſe,
he vocal Inſects of the Spring rejoice.

Here, take the promis'd Cup—How bright the look!
How fine the Smell! ſure from ſome fragrant Brook,
The bath of ſmiling *Hours*, it the gay tincture took!
Here * *Ciſſy*, hitherward,—Come, milk her now:
My Kids, forbear to leap: for if you do,
The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

* Κίνα ίσα, the Name of the Goat.

THE

The REAPERS.

THE

Tenth IDYLLIUM

OF

THEOCRITUS.

Engliſhed by Mr. *WILLIAM BOWLES*,
of *King*'s College in *Cambridge*.

Milo. Battus.

ARe you grown lazy, or does ſome Diſeaſe,
Oh *Battus*, bind your hands, and ſinews ſeize,
That like a Sheep prickt by a pointed Thorn,
Still you're behind, and lag at every Turn?
What in the Heat, and Evening will you do,
Who early in the Morning loiter ſo?

Battus.

Milo, thou peice of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'ſt never yet an abſent Friend bemoan?

Milo.

Who but ſuch Fools as thou, the abſent Mind?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

Battus.

Did Love ne're yet thy Senſes waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep?

Milo.

The Gods preſerve me from that reſtleſs Care,
Oh *Reapers* all, the gilded bate beware!

Battus.

But I nine days the Paſſion Love have felt,
With inward fires conſume and ſlowly melt.
See! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.

Battus.

He who pip'd lately at *Hippocooris* Feaſt,
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Gueſt.

Milo.

The Gods for ſome old Sins have ſent this Evil,
And ſhame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil.

Battus.

Beware, inſulting *Cupid* has a Dart,
And it may one day reach thy ſtubborn Heart.

Milo.

Come, you're a Poet, Sing ſome am'rous Song,
'Twill eaſe your toil, and make the day leſs long.

Battus.

Oh Muſe! aſſiſt my Song, and make it flow,
For you freſh Charms on all you ſing beſtow.
Bombyce (Oh my deareſt do not frown,
They call the Tawny, but I call thee Brown.

Yet

Yet bluſh not, Dear: Black is the *Violet*,
And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'er writ.
Yet both are ſweet, and both for Garlands fit.
Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids purſue,
And, *Battus*, ſweet *Bombyce* follows you.
Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
Had I rich *Cræſus* Wealth and mighty Store,
In *Venus* Temple ſhould our Statues ſtand,
Thou with thy Pipe and Taber in thy hand,
I in a Dancer's Poſture, gay, new ſhod,
Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!
Thy Voice, *Bombyce*, is moſt ſoft and ſweet,
But who can praiſe enough thy humour and thy ſil-
(ver feet?

Milo.

Battus deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,
What verſe is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?
How juſt the Rhyme's how equally they meet,
The numbers how harmonious, and how ſweet!

Yet

Let mark, and this diviner Song attend,
Was by immortal *Lyrierſes* penn'd.

Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres*! bleſs the Field,
May the full Ears a plenteous Harveſt yield.
Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends!) and better bind,
See how they're blown, and ſcatter'd by the wind,
Haſte! leſt ſome jeering Paſſenger ſhould ſay,
Oh lazy Rogues! their Hire is thrown away.
Reapers obſerve, and to the South-weſt turn
Your Sheaves; 'twill fill the Ears, and ſwell the Corn.
Mowers at Noon, and in the burning heat,
(Then the light Chaff flies out) ſhould toil and ſweat;
But Reapers ſhould with the ſweet Wood-Lark riſe;
And ſleep when *Phebus* mounts the Southern Skies.
Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell!
They ſuck in Drink for Air, and proudly ſwell.

Oh

O niggard Baylif! we cou'd dine on Beans,
And ſpare your windy Cabbidge, and your pains.

Such Songs at once delight us, and improve;
But thy ſad Ditty, and thy tale of Love
Keep for thy Mother, *Battus*, I adviſe,
When ſtretch'd and yawning in her bed ſhe lyes.

AITHΣ.

AITHΣ.

OR THE

Twelfth *IDYLLIUM*

OF

THEOCRITUS.

SCarce three whole days, my lovely Youth, had past
Since thou and I met here, and parted last.
And yet, so sluggishly the Minutes flew,
I thought it Ages till we met anew.
Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,
Already envious Time began to shed
A snowy White around my drooping Head.
As to Spring's Bravery rugged Winter yields,
The hoary Mountains to the smiling Fields;

As

As by the faithful Shepherd new-yean'd Lambs
Are much leſs valu'd than their fleecy Damms;
As to wild Plumbs the Damſon is prefer'd;
As nimble Does out-ſtrip the duller Herd;
As Maids ſeem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Then thoſe who *Hymen*'s Joys have often try'd;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excells the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove:
So much doſt thou all other Youths excell,
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half ſo well!
Sweeter thy Face! more raviſhing thy Charms!
No Gueſt ſo welcom to my longing Arms!
When firſt I view'd thoſe much lov'd Eyes of thine,
At diſtance and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th' expected Boy
With all the tranſports of unruly Joy.

Not

Not with such eager haste, such fond Desires,
The Traveller, when scorch'd by *Syrian* Fires,
To some well-spreading Beache's Shade retires.
O! that some God would equal flames impart!
And spread a mutual warmth thro' either Heart!
Till men should quote our names for loving well;
And age to age the pleasing Story tell.
Two men there were (cry's some well meaning [tongue)
Whose friendship equal on Love's Ballance hung:
(*Espilus* one, *Aites* t'other name,
Both surely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
Of honest ancient make and heav'nly mould,
Such as in good King *Saturn's* days of old
Flourish'd, and stamp'd the Age's name with Gold.
Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a day,
While we amidst th' *Elysian* Valleys stray,
Some welcome Ghost may this glad Message say,

Your

Your Love's, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
Ev'n now with lasting Praise are daily sung;
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young.
But Pray'rs are vain! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
What e'er I ask, can grant or can deny.
In the mean time thee my due Songs shall praise,
Thee the glad matter of my tuneful lays:
Nor shall the well meant Verse a tell-tale Blister raise.
Nay shou'd you chide, I'le catch the pleasing Sound,
Since the same Mouth that made, can heal the wound.
Ye *Megarensians*, who from *Nisa*'s Shoar
Plow up the Sea with many a well tim'd Oar,
May all your Labours glad Success attend:
You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
Due Honours, and becoming reverence pay,
When rowling Years bring on the happy Day.
Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth resort,
With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport:

And

And he, whoſe pointed Kiſs is ſweeteſt found,
Returns with Laurels, and freſh Garlands crown'd.
Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away!
Happy, I grant: but O far happier they,
Who, from the ſeats of their much envy'd bliſs,
Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kiſs!
Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
That, while the am'rous Strife is warmly plaid,
He will their Lips with equal Virtues guide
To thoſe which in the faithful Stone reſide:
Whoſe touch apply'd, the Artiſt can explore
The baſer Mettal from the ſhining Ore.

ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ:
OR THE
Nineteenth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.

Cupid, the ſlyeſt Rogue alive,
One day was plundring of a Hive:
But as with too too eager Haſte
He ſtrove the liquid ſweets to taſte,
A Bee ſurpriz'd the heedleſs Boy;
Prick'd him, and daſh'd th'expected Joy.
The Urchin, when he felt the Smart
Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
He kick'd, he flung, he ſpurn'd the Ground;
He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:

He

He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain!
The rubbing ſtill increas'd the pain.
Straight to his Mothers Lap he hyes,
With ſwelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
Cry's ſhe——what does my *Cupid* ail?
When thus he told his mournful Tale.
A little Bird they call a Bee.
With yellow Wings; ſee, Mother, ſee
How it has gor'd, and wounded me!
And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
For all the world juſt ſuch another?
Juſt ſuch another angry thing,
Like in bulk and like in ſting.
For when you aim a pois'nous Dart,
Againſt ſome poor unwary heart,
How little is the Archer found!
And yet how wide, how deep the wound!

The Complaint of

ARIADNA

OUT OF

CATULLUS

BY

Mr. *WILLAM BOWLES.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium *of* Peleus *and* Thetis, *deſcribes the Genial Bed, on which was wrought the Story of* Theſeus *and* Ariadna, *and on that occaſion makes a long Digreſſion, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.*

THere on th' extreameſt Beach, and fartheſt (Sand
Deſerted *Ariadna* ſeem'd to ſtand,
New wak'd, and raving with her Love ſhe flew
To the dire Shoar, from whence ſhe might purſue
With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
The winged bark o'er the tempeſtuous Main;

For

For bury'd in ſallacious Sleep ſhe lay
While thro' the Waves falſe *Theſeus* cut his way,
Regardleſs of her Fate who ſav'd his youth;
Winds bore away his Promiſe and his Truth.
Like ſome wild *Bachanal* unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
And with fix'd Eyes ſurvey'd the raging Flood.
There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
Nor leſs the tempeſts that diſtract her Soul;
Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
Rage in her Soul expreſt, and wild Deſpair:
Her riſing Breaſts with Indignation ſwell,
And her looſe Robes diſdainfully repell.
The ſhining Ornaments that dreſt her Head,
When with the glorious Raviſher ſhe fled,
Now at their Miſtreſs Feet neglected lay,
Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play.
But ſhe nor them regards, nor waves that beat
Her ſnowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet,

On *Theſeus* her loſt Senſes all attend,
And all the Paſſions of her Soul depend.
Long did her weaker Senſe contend in vain,
She ſunk at laſt beneath the mighty pain:
With various ills beſet, and ſtupid grown,
She loſt the Pow'r thoſe ills ev'n to bemoan:
But when the firſt Aſſault, and fierce ſurprize
Were paſt, and grief had found a paſſage at her Eyes,
With cruel hands her Snowy Breaſt ſhe wounds,
Theſeus, in vain, through all the Shoar reſounds.
Now urg'd by Love ſhe plunges in the Main,
And now draws back her tender Feet again:
Thrice ſhe repeats the vain attempt to wade,
Thrice fear and Cold her ſhivering Limbs invade.
Fainting at laſt ſhe hung her beauteous head,
And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, ſhe ſaid,
Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
My Parents, Friends, (for thou waſt all to me)

And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid;
Oh cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid
Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd and betray'd!
Betray'd to miſchiefs of which Death's the leaſt,
And plung'd in ills too great to be expreſt.
Let the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
With vengeance thy devoted Ship purſue,
Overtake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breaſt,
And with new Plagues th'ill-omen'd Flight infeſt.
But tho' no pity thy ſtern Breaſt could move,
Nor angry Gods nor ill-requited Love,
Yet ſence of Honour ſure ſhould touch thy heart,
And ſhame from low, unmanly Flight divert.
With other Hopes my eaſie faith you fed,
A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed,
But all thoſe Joys with thee alaſs! are fled.
Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
They only with more Form and Pomp deceive:

To compaſs their lewd ends the wretches ſwear,
Of Oaths profuſe, nor Gods nor Temples ſpare;
But when enjoy'd——
Nor broken Vows nor angry Heav'n they fear.
But, O ye Women, warn'd by me, be wiſe,
Turn their falſe Oaths on them, their *Arts*, their *Lyes*,
Diſſemble, fawn, weep, ſwear when you betray,
Defeat the Gameſters at their own foul Play.
Oh baniſht faith! but now from certain Death
I ſnatcht the Wretch, and ſav'd his perjur'd breath
His Life with my own Brothers blood I bought,
And Love by ſuch a cruel Service ſought.
By *Me* preſerv'd yet *Me* he does betray,
And to wild *Beaſts* expoſe an eaſie Prey!
Nor thou of Royal race, nor humane ſtock
Waſt born, but nurſt by *Bears*, and iſſu'd from a Rock;
Too plain thou do'ſt thy dire Extraction prove,
Who Death for Life return'ſt, and Hate for Love.

Yet

Yet he ſecurely ſails! and I in vain
Recall the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
Unmov'd they ſtand; yet cou'd they ſee and hear,
More humane would than cruel Man appear.
But I——
Muſt the ſad Pleaſure of Compaſſion want,
And dye unheard, and loſe my laſt complaint.
Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
Had'ſt thou, O charming Stranger, ne're arriv'd;
Diſſembl'd Sweetneſs in thy Look does ſhine,
But ah! th' inhumane Monſters lurk within.
What now remains? or whom ſhall I implore
In a wild Iſle, on a deſerted ſhoar?
Shall I return and beg my Father's aid?
My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled?
But, *Theſeus*, *Ariadna*'s, Conſtant, Kind,
Kind as the Seas, and conſtant as the Wind.

See!

See! wretched Maid, vaſt Seas around thee roar,
And angry Waves beat the reſounding Shoar,
Cut off thy hopes, and intercept thy flight,
No Ship appears to bleſs thy longing Sight,
The diſmal Iſle no Humane Footſtep bears,
But a ſad ſilence doubles all my Fears,
And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.
Ev'n fainting Nature ſcarce maintains the ſtrife
Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
Yet, e're I dye, revenging Gods I'll call,
And curſe him firſt, and then contented fall.
Aſcend ye furies then, aſcend and hear
My laſt Complaints, and grant my dying Prayer,
Which Grief and Rage for ill rewarded Love,
And the deep ſence of his Injuſtice move:
Oh ſuffer not my lateſt words to flye
Like common Air, and unregarded dye!

With

ith Vengeance his dire Treachery purſue,
r Vengeance, Goddeſſes, attends on you,
errour with you, Deſpair and Death appear,
nd all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.
ay his proud Ship by furious Billows toſt
n Rocks, or ſome wild Shoar like this be loſt;
here may he fall or late returning ſee,
f ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates decree)
mournful Houſe, polluted by the Dead,
nd furies ever wait on his * Inceſtuous Bed.
Jove heard, and did the juſt Requeſt approve,
nd nodding ſhook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant
Lights above.

* He carried away her Siſter *Phœdra*.

THE

THE
Twentieth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.
By
Mr. *WILLIAM BOWLES.*

PRoud *Eunica*, when I advanc'd to Kiſs,
Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, how ignorant he is!
Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
Lips ſuch as theſe, and ſuch a Mouth prophane?
No: to prevent your Ruſtick Freedom, know
They're unacquainted yet with ſuch as you:
But your ſoft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fiſt,
All charming, and all ſueing to be kiſt,
Your matted Hair, and your ſmooth Chin invite,
Conſpire to make you Lovely to the ſight.

Oh

Oh how you look, how prettily you play,
How ſoft your words, and what fine things you (ſay!
Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gon,
Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
Vaniſh, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
He ſmells of the rank Goats from which he came!
This ſaid, with Indignation thrice ſhe ſpit,
Survey'd me with Diſdain from Head to Feet;
Then was fierce rage, and conſcious beauty ſeen
In all her Motions and her haughty Meen.
She pray'd, as if ſhe ſome Contagion fear'd,
Caſt a diſdainful Smile, and diſappear'd.
My boyling blood ſprang with my Rage, and ſpread
O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red;
So Roſes bluſh, when Night her kindly dew has ſhed.
I rage, I curſe the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
My graceful Perſon, and my comely *Beard*.

Ye

Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
Has any God caſt my old Form anew?
How am I chang'd? for once a matchleſs Grace
Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'er grow,
And my long Hair in untaught Curles did flow,
My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white,
My ſparkling Eyes ſhot forth a radiant Light;
In ſweeteſt Words did my ſoft Language flow,
As Honey ſweet, and ſoft as falling Snow;
When with loud Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpir'd,
The liſt'ning Shepherds all my skill admir'd;
Me all the Virgins on our Mountains Love,
They praiſe my Beauty, and my flames approve.
Such tho' I am, yet me, becauſe a Swain,
(How nice theſe Town-bred Women are, how vain!)
Gay *Eunica* rejected with Diſdain.

And

And she, it seems, has never heard, or read
How *Bacchus*, now a God, a flock once fed.
Venus her self did the Profession grace,
By Love transform'd into a Country Lass,
The *Phrygian* fields and woods her flames can tell,
And how her much bewail'd *Adonis* fell.
How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon descend
From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* friend,
And absent from the Sky whole nights with him did spend?
To shining in her Orb prefer her Love,
Stoop and desert her glorious Seat above?
And was not he a Shepherd? sure he was,
Yet did not she disdain his low Embrace.
The Gods great Mother too and greater *Jove*,
Their Majesty laid by, could Shepherds love:
The *Phrygian* Groves, and conscious *Ida* know
What she for *Atys*, he for *Ganymed* could

But prouder *Eunica* diſdains alone
What Gods, and greateſt Goddeſſes have done:
Fairer it ſeems by much, and greater ſhe,
Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne're find one
Worthy your Love, in Countrey, or in Town,
But to a Virgin bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone!

TO
LESBIA.
OUT OF
CATULLUS.

LEt's live, my deareſt *Lesbia*, and love,
The little time that Nature lends improve;
In mirth and Pleaſure let us waſte the day,
Nor care a farthing what old Dotards ſay;

The

The Suns may riſe again that once are ſet,
Their uſual Labour, and old Courſe repeat,
But when our Day's once turn'd have loſt their light,
We muſt ſleep on one long Eternal Night:
A thouſand Kiſſes, Dear, a hundred more,
Another hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor:
Another thouſand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
Let every Touch ſurprize, and preſſing Charm,
And when repeated thouſands numerous grow
We'll kiſs out all again, that none may know
How many you have lent, and what I owe:
While I'll in groſs with eager haſte repay,
And kiſs a long Eternity away.

To *LESBIA.*

MY *Lesbia* ſwears ſhe would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himſelf ſhould come and ask her Bed;
True, this ſhe ſwears by all the Pow'rs above,
But ſhe's a Woman ſpeaking to her Love:
That ſingle Thought my growing faith Defeats,
'Tis neceſſary for them to be Cheats:
They muſt be falſe, they muſt their Oaths forget,
So pleaſing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And ſhould be writ in Air, or running Streams.

To LESBIA.

A Petition to be free'd from LOVE.

IF Pleaſure follows when we think upon
The good and pious Deeds that we have done:
That we ne're broke our Oaths, ne'er ſtrove to cheat,
Nor Heav'n abus'd to credit a Deceit;
Catullus, thou art ſafe, and ſure to prove
Long happy years from this uneaſie Love:
What could be done, or what devoutly ſaid
You ſaid and did, the utmoſt Duty paid,
But all was loſt on the ungrateful Maid.
Then why wilt thou continu'd Pains endure?
And when thou may'ſt enjoy, defer the Cure?
Aſſert thy Freedom, and thy ſelf reſtore,
Though Heaven denys, yet be a Wretch no more:

'Tis hard a rooted Love to diſpoſſeſs;
'Tis hard, but you may do it if you pleaſe.
In this thy Safety doth conſiſt alone,
Or poſſible, or not, it muſt be done.
Great Gods, if Pity doth belong to you,
If you can ſave the man whom Fates purſue;
Look down, if he a pious Life hath liv'd
From love let good *Catullus* be repriev'd:
Which like cold numneſs hath my thoughts confin'd
And baniſh'd Mirth and Humour from my Mind:
I do not beg ſhe ſhould be Kind at laſt,
Or, what Her Nature will not bear, be Chaſt,
But grant me Freedom, and my Health reſtore,
Gods, thus reward my Goodneſs, and I ask no more.

OVID's ELEGIES.

Lib. 2. Eleg. 12.

TRiumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
I'm Victor now, my dear *Corinna*'s mine.
As she was hard to get, a careful Spy,
A Door well bar'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
Long time preserv'd her troublesom Chastity.
Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
And won my Prey without a drop of Blood.
'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Barrs,
Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars;
No 'twas a *Whore*, a lovely Whore I took,
I won her by a Song, and by a Look.
When ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Atridis got? how small a share of Fame?
But none pretends a Part in that I won,
The vict'ry's mine, the Glory all my own.

I in this Conqueſt was the General,
The Souldier, Enſign, Horſe, and Foot, and all;
Fortune and lucky Chance can clame no ſhare,
Come Triumph gotten by my ſingle Care.
I fought, as moſt have done, for Miſs, and Love,
For *Helen Europe*, and all *Aſia*, ſtrove:
The *Centaurs* rudely threw their Tables o'er,
And ſpilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore:
The *Trojans* tho' they once had loſt their *Troy*,
Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
And ſtoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.
For one fair Cow I've ſeen two *Bulls* ingage,
Whilſt ſhe ſtands by, and looks, and heats their Rage
E'en I (for *Cupid* ſays he'll have it ſo.)
As moſt men are, muſt be his Souldier too.
Yet I no bloody Conquerour ſhall prove,
My Quarrels will be Kindneſs, Wars be Love.

LIB.

LIB. II. ELEGY XVI.

He invites his Miſtreſs into the Countrey.

I'Me now at——where my eyes can view
Their old Delights, but what I want in you:
Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleaſing Bowers,
Adorn my Banks, and raiſe my drooping Flowers:
Here Trees with bending Fruit in order ſtand,
Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand;
But half the Pleaſure of enjoyment's gone,
Since I muſt pluck them ſingle and alone:
Why could not Nature's Kindneſs firſt contrive
That faithful Lovers ſhould like Spirits live,
Mixt in one point, and yet divided ly
Enjoying an united Liberty?
But ſince we muſt thro' diſtant Regions go,
Why was not the ſame way deſign'd for two?

One ſingle Care determin'd ſtill for both,
And the kind Virgin joyn'd the loving Youth?
Then ſhould I think it pleaſant way to go
O'er *Alpine* Froſt, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then ſhould I dare to view the horrid Moors,
And walk the Deſarts of the *Lybian* Shoars;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and ſee *Charibdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threatning Wave;
Fearleſs thro' all I'de ſteer my feeble Barge,
Secure and ſafe with the Celeſtial Charge:
But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice fruits to cheer their melancholly Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gardner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flowry Beds.
Tho' Poplars riſe, and ſpread a ſhady Grove,
Where I might lye, my little Life improve,
And ſpend my Minutes 'twixt a Muſe and Love.

Yet

Yet theſe contribute little to my eaſe,
For without you they loſe the Power to pleaſe:
I ſeem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land.*
Where frightful Spectres and pail Shades appear,
And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear:
Where ev'ry Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
Firſt ſadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs:
The Vines love Elms, what Elms from Vines remove?
Then why ſhould I be parted from my Love?
And yet by me you once devoutly ſwore,
By your own Eyes, thoſe Stars that I adore;
That all my bus'neſs you would make your own,
And never ſuffer me to be alone;
But faithleſs Woman naturally deceives,
Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves,
Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
Are toſt by every Blaſt, and ſeen no more:

Ye

Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve
Be kind, and I can eaſily forgive;
Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Courſe,
Drive fiercely on, and laſh the lazy Horſe;
And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
And try the power of Verſe to ſmooth your way:
Sink down ye Mountains, ſink ye lofty Hills,
Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
Ye Streams be dry, ye hindring Woods remove,
'Tis *Love* that drives, and all muſt yield to *Love*.

LIB. III. ELEGY IX.

NOw *Ceres* Feaſt is come, the Trees are blown
And my *Corinna* now muſt lye alone.
And why, Good *Ceres*, muſt thy Feaſt deſtroy,
Man's chief Delight, and why diſturb his Joy?

The

e World esteems you bountiful and good
u led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
d gave us fruitful Corn, and wholsom food.
ll then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed;
ks gave him Meat, and flow'ry fields a Bed.
st *Ceres* made our Wheat and Barly grow,
d taught us how to Plow and how to Mow:
ho then can think that she designs to prove
r piety, by coldness in our Love?
make poor Lovers sigh, Lament, and groan,
charge her Votaries to lye alone?
t *Ceres*, tho' she loves the fruitful fields,
et sometimes feels the force of Love, and yields:
his *Crete* can witness, (*Crete* not alwaies lyes,)
ete that nurs'd *Jove*, and hear'd his infant Cryes,
here he was suckled that now rules the Skyes.
hat *Jove* his Education there receiv'd,
ill raise her fame, and make her be believed:

Nay

Nay ſhe her ſelf will never ſtrive to hide
Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd:
She ſaw young *Jaſius* in the *Cretan* Grove
Purſue the Deer, ſhe ſaw, and fell in Love.
She then perceiv'd, when firſt ſhe felt the fire,
On this ſide Modeſty, on that Deſire;
Deſire prevail'd, and then the field grew dry,
The Farmer loſt his Crop and knew not why;
When he had toil'd, manur'd his Grounds, & plow'd,
Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods, and ſow'd,
No Corn appear'd none to reward his Pain,
His Labour and his Wiſhes were in vain.
For *Ceres* wandred in the Woods and Groves,
And often heard, and often told her Loves;
Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
Where e'er the Goddeſs came, a Harveſt grew.
Ida was gray with Corn, the furious Bore
Grew fat with Wheat, and wondred at the Store:

The

The *Cretans* wish'd that such all years would prove,
They wish'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
Well then, since then 'twas hard for you to lye
All night alone, why at your Feast must I?
Why must I mourn when you rejoyce to know
Your Daughter safe, and Queen of all below?
'Tis Holy day, and calls for Wine and Love,
Come let's the heigth of Mirth and Humour prove,
These gifts will please our Master Pow'rs above.

OF

OF NATURES CHANGES. FROM LUCRETIUS. LIB. V.

By a person of Quality.

SInce *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
And active *Fire*, mixt Nature's Parts appear;
These all new form'd, and to Destruction brought;
Why of the World may not the like be thought?
Reason presents this Maxim to our view,
What in each Part, that in the whole is true:

And

And therefore when you ſee, ſpring up and fall,
Natures great Parts, conclude the like of all:
Know Heav'n and Earth on the ſame Laws depend,
In time they both began, in time ſhall end.
But *Memmius*, not t' aſſume what ſome deny;
The Proof, on plain experience ſhall rely:
I'll ſhew, theſe Elements to Change are prone;
Riſe in new ſhapes, continue long in none.
Then firſt of *Earth*; conclude that all muſt fail,
Which diff'ring Parts fermenting, can exhale:
Much the reflected Rays extract from thence;
And from their burning Heat no leſs th' expence.
The Duſt and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
Which boiſtrous Winds diſperſe through liquid Air.
Some parts diſſolve, and flow away in Rain,
And from their Banks, the Rapid Rivers gain.
A Diminution, nothing e'er eſcapes;
Which new Exiſtence gives, to other Shapes:

Plants,

Plants, Minerals, and Concretes, owe their Birth,
And Animals their growth, in part, to *Earth:*
Then ſince from this, their Beings firſt did ſpring,
Time, all to this their common Grave does bring.
In theſe examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* conſume, and *Earth* reſtore.
The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth's* Supply, with Waters to abound;
Renew'd and flowing in continual round.
Leſt theſe, increaſing, ſhould at laſt prevail;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds aſſail:
Vaſt Shoals of Atoms, thence away they bear,
And raiſing them aloft, transform to Air.
Much is extracted by the pow'rful Sun,
More does in ſubterranean Channels run:
In *Earth* it firſt, exceſſive Saltneſs ſpends;
Then to our Springs, and River heads aſcends:

Theſe

These in the fruitful Valleys turn and wind,
And still to new productions are inclin'd.
And next of *Air*; which in its vast extent,
In Changes infinite, each hour, is spent:
For *Air*'s wide Ocean still requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluviums, should it not restore
The perish'd Shapes, *Time*'s Ruines to repair,
Long since, had all things, been dissolv'd to *Air*.
From others Loss, its being it receives;
To these again its changing Substance leaves:
So true it is, that Nature Ebbs and flows;
And one part perishing, another grows.
The Sun the fountain of the glorious Rays,
Instead of vanish'd Light, new Light displays.
The Brightness of the flying Minute past,
Is now obscur'd, and to new forms does hast.
From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw (near,
And banish'd Sun-shine, strait does disappear,

The Earth's o'er ſhadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
Viſion would ceaſe, (ſo ſoon would Light expire)
Without Recruits of bright Etherial Fire.
In our inferiour and ſulphureous Light,
Of Lamps and Tapers chaſing ſhades of Night,
Continu'd fuel feeds the trembling flame
Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the ſame
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it ſtrange
That they are not ſecure from final Change.
When what ſo late did ſmile, this inſtant dyes,
And new born Light ſtill ſhines to Mortal Eyes.
Thus we obſerve hard Rocks in time decay'd;
The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,
And ſtately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid.
Do Gods their Images from *Age* ſecure?
Or force their Temples always to endure?

Thus

Thus when you ſee old Rocks from Mountains fall,
By this conclude their ſure Original;
For were they from Eternity ſo plac'd,
No Chance could ruine them, no Time could waſt.
Next raiſe your eyes to Earth-ſurrounding *Sphears*,
From which (ſay ſome) ſprings all that now appears,
To which at laſt their vaniſh'd Parts aſcend;
Theſe as they're form'd to Diſſolution tend:
For all thing muſt in ſuch proportion ceaſe,
As they to other Beings give Increaſe.
But then if no Beginning do's appear,
Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were;
Before the *Theban* War was e're proclaim'd,
Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
Why did not far more ancient Poets ſing
What Revolutions elder times did bring?
Such Men, ſuch Acts, how in oblivion drown'd,
As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?

No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;
Eternity from this ſeems far remov'd:
All Arts and Science elſe, would long ago
Have reach'd Perfection, not now daily grow.
No ancient Sailers, e're like ours did ſteer:
No ſuch harmonious Muſick charm'd the Ear.
This nature of the World, not Ages paſt
Was brought to Light, retarded for the laſt.
And theſe diſcoveries ordain'd by Fate
To foreign Climes, I with the firſt tranſlate.
But ſtill if no Beginning you believe,
And ſay, 'tis eaſier for us to conceive,
Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,
As totally did Humane Race devour:
Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,
Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;
This force of Argument you then increaſe,
That Heav'n and Earth in future time muſt ceaſe.

For

For when ſuch dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then eſcap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cauſe increas'd, and 't will not fail,
As did the leſs, o'er all things to Prevail.
What ſhews we cannot endleſs Life enjoy,
But ſence of Ills which others did deſtroy?
If you the Worlds Duration would extend
To all Eternity, you muſt defend,
Its ſolid Subſtance is ſo firmly bound,
No Penetration can it ever wound:
(Minuteſt Atoms, 'tis confeſs'd are ſo,
But not the Compound which from theſe did grow)
Or that 'tis Immaterial you muſt prove,
And what no forcing *Agent* can remove:
Or elſe you muſt all ambient Space deny
To which it may diſſolv'd, and ruin'd fly:
(Thus, Univerſal claims Eternal's place
Becauſe it ne'er can paſs t' External ſpace)

But neither is this various Globe so fix'd,
(For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
From threatning pow'r of Penetration free;
And Pow'rs unknown, from boundless ambient space,
This present state of Nature may deface:
With dreadful Hurricanes they may invade,
And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made;
Or by some other means, beyond the reach
Of Man's conception, make the fatal breach.
Nor wants there space beyond the Spheres of Heav'n
To which the ruin'd parts may then be driv'n:
When e'er these Elements their Mansions leave,
That vast Abyss lyes open to receive.
From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
What Magick Charms have always so protected.
That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
The whole Eternal *Ages* should defy?

Then

Then ſince the World's great Parts at once engage,
And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
We may foreſee their Strife ſo long depending,
At laſt in general Subverſion ending.
Rivers and Seas conſum'd, fierce Fires may burn
Till all their Aſhes meet in Earth's great Urn.
Even now they ſtrive the Victory to gain;
But ſtill the Ocean does the fight maintain,
And ſwell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
To drown the reſt, and ſole in Triumph ride.
This to prevent, the ſwift exhauſting Wind,
And radiant Sun 'gainſt liquid Force are joyn'd.
Thus equal in appearance, long they mov'd,
Each others Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd.
At laſt the Fire, 'tis ſaid, did win the Field:
And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.

Long ſince when *Phaeton*, led by vain Deſire,
To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aſpire,
'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.
With head-ſtrong force the winged Horſes flew;
O'er Earth and Heav'n, the burning Planet drew.
What then had been the fate of all things here,
If angry *Jove*, the daring Charioteer
Had not diſmounted, by ſwiſt Lightning's ſtroke,
And ſo at once the flaming Progreſs broke?
Thus *Phaeton* ſlain was falling to the ground,
And furious Horſes dragg'd the Chariot round,
When great *Apollo* reaſſum'd the Chair;
Reſtor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the *Air*;
With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
And to this hour in annual courſe proceeds.
Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound;
To waking men, like wandring dreams they ſound:

But

But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
True fires did then from Eaſt to Weſt advance.
Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
That if ſome ſtronger *Agent* not reſtrains,
The fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will ne're be quench'd till all in Ruines lye.
The Water too did, as our *Authors* tell,
In *Ages* paſt, to ſuch proportion ſwell,
That ſpacious Empires wholly were deſtroy'd:
The Ocean then had Sov'raign right enjoy'd;
But that ſome greater Being, ſoon aroſe,
From inf'nite Space, t' o'ercome th' invading Foes.
Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquiſh'd (ſhow'rs,
And falling Floods, proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.

HORACE,

HORACE,

ODE 7th, BOOK 4th.

By an unknown HAND.

WInter's diſſolv'd, behold a Worlds new face!
How graſs the ground, how leaves their branches (grace.
That Earth which wou'd not to the plough-ſhare (yield,
Is ſofter now and eaſie to be till'd.
And frozen ſtreams thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
With whiſpring murmurs in their channels run:
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
And o'er the flowry meadows nimbly bound.
The Months that run on times immortal wheels,
The Seaſons treading on each others heels.

The

The winged hours that ſwiftly paſs away,
And ſpightfully conſume the ſmiling Day,
Tell us, that all things muſt with them decay.
The year rowls round us in a conſtant ring,
And ſultry Summer waſts the milder ſpring:
Whoſe hot Meridian quickly overpaſt,
Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haſt
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but ſuddainly is croſt,
Cold Winter nips his Vintage, with a froſt!
The Moon renews its Orb to ſhine more bright;
But when Deaths hand puts out our mortal light,
With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!
With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we ſhall be,
And the brave Souls of vaniſh'd *Heroes* ſee.
Who knows if Gods above, who all things ſway,
Will ſuffer thee to live another day?
Then pleaſe thy Genius, and betimes take care,
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.

When

When among crouds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
And from the Judge thy fatal sentence hear,
Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
That thou canst plead can the past doom recal.
Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
Her chast *Hippolitus* from *Lethe*'s Lake.
Perithous bound in fetters must remain,
Theseus no more can break his adamantine chain.

HORACE,

The 2d BOOK, *ODE* the 10th.

Rectius vives Licini, &c.

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
But how to do it very few can tell;
He sure doth best who a true mean can keep,
Nor boldly sails too far into the deep,

Nor

Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.
Who to that happy *medium* can attain,
"Who neither seeks for nor despises gain,
"Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,
He shuns th' unwholsom Ills of Poverty;
And is secure from envy which attends
A sumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
Their treacherous height doth the tall Pines expose,
To the rude blasts of every Wind that blows.
And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
Are near their ruine as they're near the Sky;
And when they fall, what was their pride before,
Serves only then t' increase their fall the more.
Who wisely governs and directs his mind,
Never despairs, though fortune be unkind;
He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
He bears it patiently, and hopes again.

And

And if at laſt a kinder fate conſpires,
To heap upon him more than he deſires;
He then ſuſpects the kindneſs he enjoys,
Takes it with thanks, but with ſuch care employs,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once reſume what it beſtow'd before.
He finds Man's life, by an Eternal skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
Fate ſhapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's fears;
And 'tis by an unerring rule decreed,
That this ſhall that alternately ſucceed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wiſe,
And bear its ills without the leaſt ſurpriſe.
The more you are oppreſs'd bear up the more,
Weather the Tempeſt till its rage be o're.
But if too proſperous and too ſtrong a gale,
Should rather ruffle than juſt fill your Sail,

Leſſen

Leſſen it, and let it take but ſo much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the courſe deſign'd;
"For 'tis the greateſt part of humane skill,
"To uſe good fortune, and to bear our ill.

HORACE,

18th Epiſtle, the 1ſt BOOK.

Si bene te novi, &c.

DEar Friend, for ſurely I may call him ſo,
Who doth ſo well the Laws of Friendſhip (know;
I'm ſure you mean the kindneſs you profeſs,
And to be lov'd by you's a happineſs;
Not like him who with Eloquence and pains,
The ſpecious title of a Friend obtains;

And

And the next day to pleaſe ſome Man of ſence,
Breaks jeſts at his deluded Friends Expence;
As Jilts who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.
There is another failing of the mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind,
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which ſome have got of uſing all Men ill;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of freedom and a virtuous innocence;
Who 'cauſe they cannot fawn, betray nor cheat,
Think they may puſh and juſtle all they meet,
And blame what e're they ſee, complain, and brawl,
And think their virtues make amends for all.
They neither comb their Head, nor waſh their Face,
But think their virtuous naſtineſs a grace;
When as true virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a vice.

Others

Others there are who too obſequious grown,
Live more for others pleaſure than their own;
Applauding whatſoe'er they hear or ſee,
By a too nauſeous civility;
And if a Man of Title or Eſtate,
Doth ſome ſtrange ſtory, true or falſe, relate;
Obſequiouſly they cringe and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall;
As School Boys follow what the Maſters ſay,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.
Some Men there are ſo full of their own Sence,
They take the leaſt diſpute for an offence.
And if ſome wiſer Friend their heat reſtrains,
And ſays the ſubject is not worth the pains;
Straight they reply, what I have ſaid is true,
And I'll defend it againſt him and you;
And if he ſtill dares ſay 'tis not, I'le dye,
Rather than not maintain he ſay's a lye.

Now, would you ſee from whence theſe heats ariſe,
And where th' important contradiction lies;
'Tis but to know if, when a Client's preſt,
S——or *W*——pleads his Cauſe the beſt:
Or if to *Windſor* he moſt minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Stains*;
Who ſpends his wealth in Pleaſure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay,
And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
Than to be thought neceſſitous and poor:
Him his rich Kinſman is afraid to ſee,
Shuns Like a Burthen to the Family;
And rails at vices, which have made him poor,
Though he himſelf perhaps have many more:
Or tells him wiſely, Couſin have a care
And your Expences with your Rents compare;
Since you inherit but a ſmall Eſtate,
Your pleaſures, Couſin, muſt be moderate.

I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
Couſin, my wealth ſupports my vanity.
But they, who've Wit and not Eſtate enough,
Muſt cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t'affect equality,
Forget you've ſuch a fooliſh Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who to puniſh thoſe,
Who, though below him, he believ'd his foes;
And more effectually to vent his rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the fooliſh Sparks, courageous grown,
Set up for roaring Bullys of the Town;
Muſt go to Plays, and in the Boxes ſit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
Till at the laſt, their Coach and Horſes ſpent,
Their cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their fortune changed, their appetite the ſame,
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim.

They muſt turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their pleaſures at a cheaper rate;
And 'midſt their dirty Miſtreſſes and Wives,
Lead out the reſt of their miſtaken lives.
Never be too inquiſitive to find
The hidden ſecrets of another's mind,
For when you've torn one ſecret from his Breaſt,
You run great riſque of loſing all the reſt;
And if he ſhould unimportun'd impart
His ſecret thoughts, and truſt you with his Heart,
Let not your drinking, anger, pride or luſt,
Ever invite you to betray the truſt.
Firſt never praiſe your own deſigns, and then
Ne're leſſen the deſigns of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To ſett a Partridge, or to chaſe a Hare,
Beg he'd excuſe you for this once, and ſay,
You muſt go home, and ſtudy all the day.

So

So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no pleaſure's but his own;
Was forced to give his Brother's friendſhip o're,
Or to reſolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He choſe the ſafeſt and the wiſeſt way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the ſame, and for the ſelf ſame end,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the plain,
Quit your untimely labours of the brain,
And leave your ſerious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal pleaſure on the prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable ſport,
Loved in the Country, and eſteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleaſing to the Eye,
And practiſed by our old Nobility;
Who ſee you love the pleaſures they admire,
Will equally approve what you deſire;

Such condeſcention will more Friendſhip gain,
Than the beſt rules, which your wiſe Books contain.
Talk not of others lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
But all mankind, who will expect the ſame.
Shun all inquiſitive and curious Men,
For what they hear they will relate again;
And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
Hath a looſe Tongue to utter all he hears;
And words like th' moving Air of which they're (fram'd,
When once let looſe, can never be reclaim'd.
Where you've acceſs to a rich powerful Man,
Govern your mind with all the care you can;
And be not by your fooliſh luſt betray'd,
To court his Couſin, or debauch his Maid;
Leſt with a little Portion, and the pride
Of being to the Family ally'd;

He

He gives you either, with which bounty bleſt,
You muſt quit all pretentions to the reſt;
Or leſt incens'd at your attempt, and griev'd,
You ſhould abuſe the kindneſs you receiv'd;
He coldly thwarts your impotent deſire,
Till you at laſt chooſe rather to retire,
Than tempt his anger any more, and ſo
Loſe a great Patron, and a Miſtreſs too.
Next have a care, what Men you recommend,
To th' ſervice or eſteem of your rich Friend;
Leſt for his ſervice or eſteem unfit,
They load you with the faults, which they commit.
But as the wiſeſt Men, with all their skill,
May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendſhip ill:
So when you ſee you've err'd, you muſt refuſe
To defend thoſe whom their own Crimes accuſe.
But if through envy of malicious Men,
They be accus'd, you muſt protect them then,

And plead their Cauſe your ſelf, for when you ſee
Him you commend, attack'd with infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbour's Houſe is ſet on fire,
You muſt his ſafety as your own conſpire.
Such hidden fires though in the Suburbs caſt,
Neglected, may conſume the Town at laſt.
They who do n't know the dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich powerful Friend;
Love no Eſtate ſo much, and think they're bleſt,
When they but make a Leg amongſt the reſt;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent care
Do all its honours, and its ills compare,
Fear to engage, leaſt with their time and pain,
They loſe more pleaſure, than they hoped to gain.
See you, that while your Veſſel's under Sail,
You make you beſt advantage of the Gale;

Leaſt

Leaſt the Wind changes, and ſome ſtormy rain
Should throw you back to your firſt Port again.
You muſt endeavour to diſpoſe your mind
To pleaſe all humours of a different kind;
Whoſe temper's ſerious, and their humour ſad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and whoſe humour's free,
Abhor a ſad and ſerious gravity;
They who are ſlow and heavy cann't admit,
The Friendſhip of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the buſie active Men,
And are deteſted by the ſame again.
They who's free humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day;
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuſe,
Though his untimely virtue to excuſe;
He ſwears that one ſuch merry drinking Feaſt,
Would make him ſick for a whole Week at leaſt.

Suffer

Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow,
The modeſt Men are thought obſcure and low;
And they, who an affected ſilence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, ſower and deep.
Amongſt all other things do not omit
To ſearch the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the converſation of the Wiſe,
In what true happineſs and pleaſure lyes;
Which are the ſafeſt rules to live at eaſe,
And the beſt way to make all fortunes pleaſe,
Leſt though the craving hopes of gaining more,
And fear of loſing what you gain'd before:
Your poor unſatisfied miſguided mind,
To needy wiſhes, and falſe joys confin'd;
Puts its free boundleſs ſearching thoughts in chains,
And where it ſought its pleaſure finds its pains;
If virtuous thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be given by Nature, or obtain'd by Art.

What

What leſſens cares, the mind's uneaſie pain,
And reconciles us to our ſelves again;
Which doth the trueſt happineſs create,
Unblemiſh'd Honour, or a great Eſtate;
Or a ſafe private quiet, which betrays
It ſelf to eaſe, and cheats away the days.
When I am at——————where my kind fate
Hath placed my little moderate Eſtate;
Where Nature's care hath equally employ'd,
Its inward Treaſures, and its outward Pride;
What thoughts d'ye think thoſe eaſie Joys inſpire?
What do you think I covet and deſire?
Tis, that I may but undiſturb'd poſſeſs,
The littl' I have, and if Heav'n pleaſes, leſs;
That I to Nature and my ſelf may give,
The little time that I have left to live;
SomeBooks in which I ſome new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refreſh my mind;

Some

Some Horſes which may help me to partake
The lawful pleaſures which the ſeaſons make;
An eaſie plenty, which at leaſt may ſpare
The frugal pains of a Domeſtick care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love ſuch an idle life, and me;
Then Heav'n, give me but life and health, I'le find
A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind.

HORACE,

Saty. 2. Lib. 1.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was at firſt, a piece of Figtree wood,
And long an honeſt Joyner, pondring ſtood,
Whether

Whether he ſhould employ his ſhaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Jointſtool;
Each knob he weigh'd, on every inch did plod,
And rather choſe to turn me to a God:
As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
The fear of every Thief, and every bird.
The Raſcals from their pilfring tricks deſiſt,
And dread each wooden Finger of my fiſt.
The Reeds ſtuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight,
And dare not touch a Pippin in my ſight.
When any of the rabble did deceaſe,
They brought 'em to this place to ſtink in peace.
Unnoiſom here the ſnuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common grave for all the rout.
Looſe *Nomentanus* left his riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.

Nor

Nor in theſe pit-holes might they put a bone,
Cou'd lye beneath a dunghil of its own.

But now the ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and Vital is the Air:
Myrtle and Orange groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghaſtly ſight.

While here I ſtand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Joys are half the grievances,
As are thoſe Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poyſ'ning or bewitching ſtill.
Theſe I can neither hurt nor terrifie,
But every Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt theſe Allies with their ſhrieks & groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs and humane Bones.

I ſaw *Canidia* here, her feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and looſe her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went ſtalking round,
Their hideous howlings ſhook the trembling ground.

A paleneſs, caſting horrour round the place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious trunks upon the Earth they caſt,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick haſte.
A coleblack Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the pit they pour'd the reeking gore:
By this they force the tortur'd Ghoſts from Hell,
And anſwers to their wild demands compel.
Two Images they brought of Wax, and Wool,
The Waxen was a little puling fool:
A chidden Image ready ſtill to skip,
Whene're the woollen one but ſnapt his whip.
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tiſiphone as loud the other bawls.
A thouſand Serpents hiſs'd upon the ground,
And Hell-hounds compaſs'd all the Gardens round.
Behind the Tombs to ſhun the horrid ſight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of ſhame or fright.

May

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they flye:
And never miſs a dabbe tho n'ere ſo high,
May Villain *Julius*, and his Raſcal crew,
Uſe me with juſt ſuch Ceremony too.

But how much time and patience wou'd it coſt,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghoſt?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame ſcrapes,
And hides the *Beards* of *Wolves*, and *Teeth* of *Snakes*.
While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to ſee their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my Guts,
My Figtree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts.
Mad for revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd like fifty bladders, from behind.
Scar'd with the noiſe they ſcudd away to Town,
While *Sagana*'s falſe hair comes dropping down:

Canidia tumbles o're, for want of breath,
And ſcatters from her Jaws her ſet of Teeth;
I almoſt burſt to ſee their labours croſt,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils loſt.

OVID. *Amorum.*

Lib. 2. El. 4.

That he loves Women of all ſorts and ſizes.

ALL blots I cannot from my manners wipe,
Nor ſay I walk uprightly when I ſlip.
Preſs'd with my faults I to confeſſion fall,
In pain, and mad till I lay open all.
I ſin, and I repent; rub off the ſcore,
And then, like wild, I dip agen for more.
I cannot rule my ſelf, like Pinnace toſt
In Storms, the Rudder gone, and Compaſs loſt.

No certain ſhape or features ſtint my mind,
I ſtill for love a thouſand reaſons find.
Here one commends my Verſe, in equity
If I pleaſe her, ſhe ſurely pleaſes me:
But if malicious witty things ſhe ſaid,
I think how ſhe wou'd repartee in bed.
If artleſs ſhe, my Heart on Nature doats;
If learn'd, I long to be conferring notes.
If no great ſenſe or parts the Damſel ſhow,
Still I conclude ſhe wants it not below.
Do looks demure the inward ſpark conceal?
She deals by *Great* that can diſſemble well.
Or is ſhe Free and forward to engage,
I hate fatigue, I am not for a ſiege.
The meek and mild my ſure affections keep,
Yet love a ſhrew, becauſe ſhe is no Sheep.
Does ſhe look pale? I fancy whence it came;
Is ſhe a Roſe? As ſure am I a flame.

That

That living Snow my paſſion ſtrangely warms,
And ſtraight I wiſh her melting in mine *Arms*.
The tall appears Heroick to the Eye,
Yet ne're ſo ſmall ſhe were enough for me.
If little, then I think how quick ſhe moves,
If large, who wou'd not roul in what he loves?
Lean Skeleton my fancy never ſnubs;
But is ſhe plump? 'Tis then my pretty ſubs.
And doubtleſs one may find convenient ſport,
With either fat or lean, or long or ſhort.
I like the mincing gate; and yet if wide
She ſteps, O then I love her for her ſtride.
That waddle was a grace in Monteſpan,
Theſe drowſie Eyes are perfect C———
With yellow curles *Aurora* pleas'd her ſop,
And *Leda* (*Jove* well ſaw) was black a—top:
The black or yellow to my mind agree,
My love will ſute with every Hiſtory.

Widow, or Wife, I'm for a pad that's way'd;
If Virgin, Oh! who wou'd not love a Maid?
If ſhe be young, I take her in the nick;
If ſhe has age, ſhe helps it with a trick.
If nothing charms me in her wit or face,
She has her fiddle in ſome other place.
Come every ſort and ſize, the great or ſmall,
My love will find a tally for 'um all.

ELEGY (11.) Lib 5. De Triſt.

Ovid *complains of his three years Baniſhment.*

COndemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endleſs toil,
Since Baniſh'd *Ovid* left his native ſoil,
Thrice has the frozen *Iſter* ſtood, and thrice
The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o're with Ice,

Ten

Ten tedious years of Siege the *Trojans* bore,
But count my ſorrow I have ſuffer'd more:
For me alone old *Chronus* ſtops his glaſs,
For years like ages ſlowly ſeem to paſs:
Long days diminiſh not my nightly care,
Both Night and Day their equal portion ſhare.
The courſe of Nature ſure is chang'd with me,
And all is endleſs, as my miſery.
Do time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
Or are the Fates, that ſpin my thred, a-ſleep?
In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
How good the Name! but oh how bad the place!
The People round about us threaten War,
Who live by ſpoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are:
No living thing can here protection have,
Nay ſcarce the dead are quiet in their grave,
For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
That ſwiftly ſnatch unſeen the Limbs away.

Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring foe,
Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
Muſt arm himſelf as if he went to War.
The Sheepherd puts his Helmet on to keep,
Not from the Wolves but Enemies, his Sheep:
While mournfully he tunes his rural Muſe,
One Foe the Sheepherd and his Sheep purſues.
The Caſtle which the ſafeſt place ſhou'd be
Within, from cruel tumults is not free.
Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Græcians* fight.
In one abode amongſt a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they pleaſe they thruſt me out:
My hatred to theſe Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beaſts whoſe skins they wear.
Ev'n thoſe who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themſelves up in Rugs and *Perſian* Frize;

They

They easily each other understand,
But I, alas, am forc'd to speak by hand!
Ev'n to these Men (if I may call 'em so)
Who neither what is right or reason know
I a *Barbarian* am; hard fate to see
When I speak Latine how they laugh at me!
Perhaps they falsly add to my disgrace,
Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
Besides the cruel Sword 'gainst Natures Laws,
Cuts off the Innocent without a cause.
The Market-place by lawless Arms possest,
Has slaughter-houses both for Man and Beast.
Now, O ye fates, 'tis time to stop my breath,
And shorten my misfortunes by my death.
How hard my sentence is to live among
A cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly throng;

But to leave you, my Friends, a harder doom,
Though baniſh'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*,
Alas I left it where I cannot come!
To be forbid the City, I confeſs,
That were but juſt, my crime deſerves no leſs.
A place ſo diſtant from my native Air,
Is more than I deſerve, or long can bear.
Why do I mourn? The fate I here attend
Is a leſs grief than *Cæſar* to offend!

AN ODE.

Sung before the KING *on* New-Years-Day.

ARiſe Great Monarch, ſee the joyful day,
Dreſt in the glories of the Eaſt,
Preſumes to interrupt your Sacred reſt.
Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty tidings of a New born Year.

II.

Bleſt be that Sun who in times fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embaſſie deſign'd,

To

To Head the Golden Troops of days to come,
Nor lag'd inglorioufly behind,
Ignobly in the laft years Throng to rife and fet.
In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
Since to add Years is greater than to give a day.

Chorus.

Oh may the happy days encreafe,
With fpoils of War, and wealth of Peace.
Till Time and Age fhall fwallow'd be,
Loft in vaft Eternity.
May Charles *ne're quit his facred Throne,*
Himfelf fucceed himfelf alone.
And to lengthen out his time,
Take, God, from us and give to him.
That fo each World a Charles *may know,*
Father above and Son below.

III. Heark

III.

Heark the Jocund Sphears renew
Their cheerful and melodious Song,
While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
The rich and painted throng
Of happy days in their fair order march along.
Move on, ye prosperous hours, move on,
Finish your course so well begun;
Let no ill Omen dare prophane
Your beautious and harmonious train,
Or Jealousies or foolish fears disturb you as you run.

IV.

See mighty *Charles*, how all the minutes press,
Each longing which shall first appear,
Since in this renowned year,
Not one but feels a secret happiness,
As big with new events and some unheard success.

See

See how our troubles vaniſh, ſee
How the tumultuous Tribes agree.
Propitious Winds bear all our griefs away,
And Peace clears up the Troubled day.
Not a wrinkle, not a Scar
Of faction or diſhoneſt War,
But Pomps and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar*.

Upon the late Ingenious Tranſlation of PERE SIMON'S *Critical-Hiſtory, By* H. D. *Eſq;*

OF all Heav'ns Judgments that was ſure the (worſt,
When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curſt:
Man, to whoſe race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
Nature's lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
Whoſe

Whoſe pow'rful voice the ſubject World obey'd,
And Gods were pleas'd with the diſcourſe he made,
He who before did ev'ry form excel,
Beneath the moſt ignoble Creature fell:
Ev'ry vile beaſt thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the ſence invites, declare his love:
Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the race;
And one ſhort Language ſerves for ev'ry place:
But, ſuch a price did that preſumption coſt,
That half our lives in trifling words are loſt.
Nor can their utmoſt force and power, expreſs
The Soul's Ideas in their Native dreſs.
Knowledge, that godlike Orn'ment of the mind,
To the ſmall ſpot, where it is born's confin'd.
But He, brave Youth, the toylſom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd Pen myſterious Truth reveals.
So did, of old, the cloven Tongues deſcend;
And Heav'ns Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.

And

And 'twas but juſt that all th' aſtoniſh'd throng
Shou'd underſtand the *Galileans* Tongue.
Gods ſacred Law was for all *Iſrael* made;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe diſplay'd.
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine commands:
But ſcarce they were ſo much in pieces broke
When *Moſes* wrath the people did provoke,
As has the ſacred cowl been torn and rent,
T'explain what the Alwiſe Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the Joyful doom.
From the worſt ſlavery at laſt we're free'd,
And ſhall no more, with ſtripes from error, bleed;
The learned *Simon* has th' hard task ſubdu'd;
And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be bleſs'd where was receiv'd the Law,
That ought to keep the Rebel World in aw;

And

And bleſs'd be He that taught us to invoke
God's awful Name, as God to *Moſes* ſpoke.
Nor do's he merit leſs, who cou'd ſo well
From foreign Language his great dictates tell:
In our cold clime the pregnant Soul lay hid;
No virtual pow'r mov'd the prolyfick ſeed,
Till his kind genial heat preſerv'd it warm;
And to perfection wrought the noble form.
Never did yet arrive ſo vaſt a ſtore
Of ſolid Learning on the *Britiſh* ſhore:
T'export it thence has been the greateſt Trade;
But He, at laſt, a full return has made.

Raiſe up, ye tuneful Bards, your voices raiſe,
And crown his head with never dying praiſe:
And all ye *Nimrods* mighty Sons rejoice,
While ev'ry Workman knows the builders voice.
In *Shinars* plain, the lofty Tow'r may riſe,
Till its vaſt Head ſuſtain the bending Skies:

In

In its own Nature Truth is so Divine,
No sacred Pow'rs oppose this great design;
So dark a veil obscur'd her rev'rend Head,
The wisest Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
Blind zeal and mad Enthusiasts shew'd the way,
While wandring Meteors led their Eyes astray;
Thro' the dark Maze, without a Clue, they ran;
And, at Best, ended where they first began:
But now at last we're brought so near her Throne,
At the next step the glorious Crown's our own.

Horti

Horte ARLINGTONIANI.

Ad Clariſſimum Dominum, *Henricum*, Comitem *Arlingtoniæ*, *&c.*

By Mr, *Charles Dryden*

MAgnificos propter ſaltus, & avita Jacobi
Mœnia, quæ faciunt commerſia duplicis aulæ,
Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,
Surgunt coctilibus ſuccincta palatia muris:
Quæ poſita ad Zephyrum, radiis ſol igneus aureis,
Illuſtrat moriente die, naſcente ſalutat.
Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,
Vulguſq; Procereſq;: caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum faſtigia lubrica damnat;
Fœlicemq; vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ
Labuntur variis aulæ inconcuſſa procellis.
Et quamvis procul haud abſint, tum plebis iniquæ
Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,

Circumfusa quies, & pax incognita Magnis
Hic placidè regnant; & verum simplice cultu,
Propositiq; tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.
Namq; ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,
Et matutinæ sudant sub roribus herbæ,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,
Crebra putres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas:
Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula Damæ,
Atq; piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus;
Inde, loquax ipas & aquosa cubilia linquens
Fertur Anas, madidis irrorans æthera pennis.
Vos O Pierides molli testudine Musæ,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:
Nullus abest cui dulcis honos, quem mille pererrant
Formosæ Veneres, pharetrâq; Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe
Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci sublime ferant ad sydera cantu.

Areaq;

Areaq; in medio eſt multum ſpectabilis horto,
Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tuentum
Lætificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens :
Nempe hæc per ſpatia flores tranſmittit iniqua
Diſtinctos variis maculis, & ſuave rubentes.
Non illic violæ, neq; candida lilia deſunt :
Parva loquor : quicquid noſtro Deus invidet orbi,
Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia ſolis
Lætior Heſperiis educit germen in arvis.
Qualia ſæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido
Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore ;
Te ſolam cupiens, in Te pulcherrima Pſyche
Arſit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis !
Nec ſine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea Poma ;
Quæ quoniam calido naſcuntur plurima cælo
Et brumas indocta pati nimboſq; ruentes,
Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere fœtus :
Protinus hybernis clauduntur ab æthere tectis

Spiranteſq; premunt animas, ne poma caduca
Vel glacies lædat, teneras vel frigora myrtos:
Tum verò, æſtate, in mediâ, ſtabula alta relinquunt,
Scilicet, & tuas de cortice trudere gemmas,
Inq; novos ſoles audent ſe credere, molles
Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.
Nec Te preteream, tenebris quæ dives, opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris:
Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Theſea duxit,
Ah nimis infœlix per fila ſequentia virgo!
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes;
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina veſper
Deficiente Die accendit; ſed longius ipſam
Hic ſecum placidè cupiunt conſumere noctem:
Dum ſuper arboreos modulans Luſcinia ramos,
Dulce melos iterat, teneroſq; invitat amores.
Quinetiam extremo ſurgit conterminus horto
Mons fœlix, albis quem circum Geſſamis ornat

Floribus,

Floribus, ac lætas dat prætereuntibus umbras.
Hunc ſuper aſcendit turbâ comitante virum Rex
Auguſtus, procereſque caput ſupereminet omnes;
Atque pedem properans graditur, veſtigia volvens
Grandia, nec ſeræ meminit decedere nocti.
Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et ſincera quies operum, rerumque niteſcit
Incorruptus honos, & neſcia fallere vita.
Nec non hic ſolus placidi ſuper ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente ſerenâ
Munera Dædaleæ naturæ; animusque recedit
In loca ſacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Deſpicere unde queas miſeros, paſſimque videre
Mortales, vitæ ſubeuntes mille pericla;
Continuò inter ſe niti præſtante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas ſumere rerum;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnaſque aliorum
Fortunas ambire, ac nigres fervere curis.

Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ ſine parte doloris,
Proſpicis ex alto viridantes gramine ſaltus:
Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautiſque crepantes
Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives
Connectit ſoleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes:
Inde lacus luſtras, puroque canalia rivo
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen nictat ad aulam.
Inter Purpureos, Regi gratiſſime Patres,
O Dium, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis
Præſidium! O magnos jamdudum exute labores!
Sæpius hic tecum placido ſpatieris in horto,
Traducens faciles, ſed non inglorius annos;
Et vitam ſtudiis florentem nobilis Oti!
Dum timor omnis abeſt, curæque incendia luctus,
Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,
Vel ſtruere inſidias Canis. Tibi libera tranſis
Tempora, & accedis tantum non hoſpes ad aulam.
O felix animi, Quem non ratione relictâ,

Spes

Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido;
Nec miserè insomnes cogunt disperdere noctes!
At secura quies, animæ divina voluptas,
Mitiaque emeritam solantur fata senectam.
Unica Regali connubit filia stirpi,
Anglia quas habuit pulchris prælata puellis.
Quæ poscis meliora Deos? quæ pondere vasto
Corruit usta domus flammæ secura minacis
Ecce stat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis!
Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta
Nube Verus; circum divini colla Mariti
Fusa super, roseoque arridens suaviter ore,
Sic Divum alloquitur: Nostros delectat ocellos
Pulchra domus. sævis olim consumpta favillis:
En hujus (si fata sinant) celebrabitur Hæres
Herois divina, & me dignissima cura!
Pallas & hoc poscit; (proprio favet illa Ministro,)
Qui Divam colit, ac similes assurgit ad artes.

Vincitur illecebris Deus ; & jubet omine læto
Stare diu, longoſque domum ſupereſſe per annos.

A New SONG.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as ſhe lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing & tumbling & touching her Breaſt;
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, & kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing
And ſighing and kiſſing
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Ah

II.

Ah ſhe cry'd, ah for a languiſhing Maid
In a Country of Chriſtians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant Parſon, or Catholick Prieſt,
To inſtruct a young Virgin, that is at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing,& kiſſing ſo cloſe!
By their praying and whining
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swayn did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near,
Then

Then ſhow'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the balm was infus'd ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing & kiſſing ſo cloſe;

By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

SONG

SONG.

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

GO tell *Amynta*, gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain,
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,
Thy words will more prevail than mine;
To Souls oppreſs'd and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief;
That Muſick ſhou'd in ſounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.

Tell

Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt encreaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the Wretch that ſpeechleſs lyes,
Attends but Death to cloſe his Eyes.

On the Death of
Mr. Oldham.

ON the Remains of an old blaſted Oak,
Unmindful of himſelf, *Menalcas* lean'd;
He ſought not now in heat the ſhade of Trees,
But ſhun'd the flowing Rivers pleaſing Bank.
His Pipe, and Hook lay ſcatter'd on the Graſs,

Nor

Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themſelves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting ſtate young *Corydon*
(His friend and dear Companion of his hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cauſe.

Corydon.

Thee have I ſought in every ſhady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private place
Where we have us'd to ſit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blaſted, and by Thunder rent?
What curſed chance has turn'd thy chearful mind,
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend,
Tell me thy grief, and let me bear a part.

Menalcas.

Menalcas.

Young *Aſtrophel* is dead, Dear *Aſtrophel*,
He that cou'd tune ſo well his charming Pipe,
To hear whoſe Lays, Nymphs left their cryſtal ſpring,
The Fawns, and Dryades forſook the Woods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd—ſwifteſt ſtreams
With-held their courſe to hear the Heav'nly ſound,
And murmur'd, when by following Waves preſt on,
The following Waves forcing their way to hear.
Oft the fierce Wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the purſuit rather than loſe the ſound
Of his alluring Pipe. The harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature, and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf, and liſtned to the ſound.
He cou'd command a general peace, & nature wou'd (obey.
This Youth, this Youth is dead, the ſame diſeaſe
That

That carry'd ſweet *Orinda* from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophel*——Oh let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on, *Menalchas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind, General the loſs
And General be the Grief. Except by Fame
I knew him not, but ſurely this is he.

Spencer and *Jonſon.*

Who Sung Learn'd *Colin's*, and great *Ægon*'s Praiſe,
Dead e're he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.

Rocheſter.

Did he not mourn lamented *Byon*'s Death,
In Verſes equal to what *Byon* wrote?

Menalcas.

Menalcas.

Yes this was he (oh that I ſay he was)
He that cou'd ſing the Shepherds deeds ſo well,
Whether to praiſe the good he turn'd his Pen,
Or laſh'd th' egregious follies of the bad,
In both he did excell———
His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,
And dictated more faſt than he cou'd write:
Sometimes becoming negligence adorn'd
His Verſe, and nature ſhew'd they were her own,
Yet Art he us'd, where Art cou'd uſeful be,
But ſweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
Adding experience to that wondrous fraught
Of Youthful vigour, how wou'd he have wrote!

Mr.

Mr. Dryden.

Equal to mighty *Pan*'s Immortal Verſe,
He that now rules with undiſputed ſway,
Guide of our Pens, Crown'd with eternal Bays.

Menalcas.

We wiſh for Life, not thinking of its Cares;
I mourn His Death, the loſs of ſuch a Friend,
But for himſelf he dy'd in the beſt hour,
And carry'd with him every Man's applauſe.
Youth meets not with detractions blotting hand,
Nor ſuffers ought from Envies canker'd mind.
Had he known Age, he wou'd have ſeen the World
Put on its uglieſt, but its trueſt Face,
Malice had watch'd the droppings of his Pen,
And Ignorant Youths who wou'd for Criticks paſs,
Had thrown their ſcornful Jeſts upon his Verſe,
And cenſur'd what they did not underſtand.

Such was not my Dear *Aſtrophel:* He's dead,
And I ſhall quickly follow him, what's Death,
But an eternal ſleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a laſting darkneſs, and exempt
From hope and fear, and every idle paſſion.

Corydon.

See thy complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the death of *Aſtrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from ſtraying, round they gaze,
And wonder at thy mourning. Drive 'em home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with eaſing ſleep,
To morrows chearful Light may give thee comfort.

On the

Kings-Houſe

Now Building at

WINCHESTER.

AS ſoon as mild *Auguſtus* cou'd aſſwage
A bloody civil Wars licentious Rage,
He made the Bleſſing that He gave increaſe,
By teaching *Rome* the ſofter Arts of Peace.
The Sacred Temples wanting due repair,
Had firſt their Wounds heal'd with a Pious care;

Nor ceas'd his Labour, till proud *Rome* out-vy'd
In glory all the ſubject World beſide.
Thus *Charles* in Peace returning to our Iſle,
With Building did his regal cares beguile.
London almoſt conſum'd, but to a Name,
He reſcues from the fierce devouring Flame;
Its Hoſtile Rage the burning Town *enjoy'd*,
For he reſtor'd as faſt as that deſtroy'd:
'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
The double Wonder of his Halcyon Reign.
Of *Windſor* Caſtle (his belov'd Retreat
From this vaſt City troubleſomly great,)
'Twas *Denham** only with ſucceſs cou'd write,
The Nation's Glory and the King's Delight.
On *Wincheſter* my Muſe her Song beſtows,
She that ſmall Tribute to her Country owes.

* *In his Coopers Hill.*

To

To *Wincheſter* let *Charles* be ever kind,
The youngeſt Labour of his fertile mind.
Here ancient Kings the *Brittiſh* Scepter ſway'd,
And all Kings ſince have always been obey'd.
Rebellion here cou'd ne're erect a Throne,
For *Charles* that bleſſing was reſerv'd alone.
Let not the ſtately Fabrick you decree,
An immature, abortive Pallace be,
But may it grow the Miſtreſs of your Heart,
And the full Heir of *WRen's* ſtupendous Art.
The happy ſpot on which its Soveraign dwells,
With a juſt pride above the Citty ſwells,
That like a Loyal Subject choſe to ly
Beneath his Feet with humble modeſty.
Faſt by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
And pays due homage to the beſt of Kings.
Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create
He's ſcituated Head of Church, and State.

The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
(Luxurious toil of former Piety)
Has vanquiſh'd envious time's devouring rage,
And, like Religion, ſtronger grows by Age.
It ſtems the Torrent of the flowing years,
Yet gay as Youth the Sacred Pile appears.
Of its great Riſe we no Records have known,
It has out-liv'd all mem'ry but its own.
The Monumental Marbles us aſſure,
It gave the *Daniſh* Monarks Sepulture.
Here Death himſelf inthrones the Crowned Head,
For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
But now my Muſe, nay rather all the Nine,
In a full Chorus of applauſes joyn,
Of your great *Wiccam*,
Wiccam whoſe name can mighty thoughts infuſe,
But naught can eaſe the travel of my Muſe,
Preſs'd with her Load, her feeble ſtrength decays,
And ſhe's deliver'd of abortive praiſe. Here

Here he for Youth erects a Nurſery *
The great Coheireſs of his Piety;
Where they through various Tongues coy know-(ledge trace,
This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
From which they ſtart, and all along the way
They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray,
And from their Infancies are taught t'obey.
Oh! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
And turn Apoſtates to their Education.
When with theſe objects *Charles* has fill'd his ſight,
Still freſh provoke his ſeeing Appetite.
A healthy Country opening to his view,
The chearful Pleaſures of his Eyes renew.
On neighbouring Plains the Courſers wing'd with (ſpeed,
Contend for Plate the glorious Victor's Meed.
Over the courſe they rather fly than run,
In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.

* *The Coll. near* Wincheſter, *and new Coll. in* Oxon.

Then freſh delights they for their Prince prepare,
And Hawks (the ſwift-wing'd Courſers of the Air,)
The trembling Bird with fatal haſt purſue,
And ſeize the Quarry in their Maſters view.
Till like my Muſe, tir'd with the Game they've found,
They ſtoop for eaſe, and pitch upon the Ground.

THE

THE

EPISODE

Of the Death of

CAMILLA

Translated out of the Eleventh Book

of *Virgils Æneids*;

By Mr. *STAFFORD.*

ON Death and wounds *Camilla* looks with joy,
Free'd from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy,
Now, thick as hail, her fatal darts she flings;
The two edg'd Ax now on their Helmets rings.

Her

Her ſhoulders bore *Diana*'s arms and bow:
And if, too ſtrongly preſt, ſhe fled before a foe,
Her ſhafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the raſh; who durſt purſue the fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her ſide.
Theſe above all *Camilla*'s breaſt did ſhare;
For Faith in peace, and gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* bands,
When firſt they dy'd with blood *Thermodoons* ſands.
Such Troops *Hippolita* her ſelf did head,
And ſuch the bold *Penthefilea* led,
When Female ſhouts alarm'd the trembling fields,
And glaring beams ſhot bright, from Maiden ſhields.

Who, gallant Virgin, who by thee were ſlain?
What gaſping numbers ſtrew'd upon the Plain?

Thy

Thy Spear first through *Eumenius* passage found;
Whole torrents gush'd out of his mouth and wound;
With gnashing Teeth, in pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himself, half delug'd, in his gore.

Then hapless *Pagasus*, and *Lyris* bleed:
The latter reining up his fainting Steed;
The first as to his aid he stretch'd his hand,
Both at an instant, headlong, struck the sand.
Her Arm *Amastrus* next, and *Tereas* feel,
Then follows *Chromis* with her lifted Steel.
Of all her Quiver not a shaft was lost,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghost.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battel, an *Apulian* courser bore.
His brawny back wrapt in a Bullocks skin,
Upon his head a Wolf did fiercely grin,

Above

Above the reſt his mighty Shoulders ſhow,
And he looks down upon the Troops below:
Him (and 'twas eaſie, while his fellows fled)
She ſtruck along, and thus ſhe triumph'd while he bled.

Some Coward Game thou didſt believe to chace,
But, Hunter, ſee a woman ſtops thy race.
Yet to requireing Ghoſts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla*'s Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her lance,
(While breaſt to breaſt the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his armours joynts it rung
While on his Arm his uſeleſs Target hung.

Then from *Orſilochus*, in Circle runs,
And follows the purſuer, while ſhe ſhuns.

For

For ſtill with craft a narrow ring ſhe wheels,
And brings her ſelf up to the Chaſers heels.
Her Ax regardleſs of his Prayers and groans,
She craſhes thro' his Armour, and his bones.
Redoubled ſtroaks the vanquiſh'd Foe ſuſtains,
His reeking face beſpatterd with his brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aunus* to the place:
Who ſtopping ſhort, ſtar'd wildly in her face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* fraud imparts,
While fate allow'd that fraud, he was of ſubtleſt Arts;
Who, when he ſaw he cou'd not ſhun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin, by his ſlight.
And crys aloud what courage can you ſhew,
By cunning horſemanſhip, to cheat a foe?
Forego your horſe and ſtrive not to betray,
But dare to combat a more equal way.

'Tis

'Tis thus we ſee who merits glory beſt,
So brav'd, fierce indignation fires her breaſt,
Diſmounted from her horſe, in open field,
Now, firſt ſhe draws her Sword, and lifts her Shield.
He, thinking that his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his Horſe, and urges all his ſpeed,
His golden rowel's hidden in his ſides:
When thus his uſeleſs fraud the Maid derides:
Poor Wretch, that ſwell'ſt with a deluding pride,
In vain thy Country's little *Arts* are try'd.
No more the Coward ſhall behold his Sire,
Then plies her feet, quick as the nimble fire,
And up before his horſe's head ſhe ſtrains;
When, ſeizing, with a furious hand, his reins,
She wreaks her fury on his ſpouting veins.
So, from a Rock, a Hawk ſoars high above,
And in a Cloud with eaſe o'ertakes a Dove.

His

His pounces ſo the grappled foe aſſail;
And blood and feathers mingle in a hail.

Now *Jove*, to whom mankind is ſtill in ſight,
With more than uſual care beholds the fight.
And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inſpires
The furious deeds to which his blood he fires.
He ſpurs through ſlaughter, and his failing Troops,
And with his voice lifts every arm that droops.
He ſhouts his name in every Souldiers ears:
Reviling thus the ſpirits, which he Chears.

Ye ſham'd, and ever branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
From whence this terrour, and your Souls ſo baſe?
When tender Virgins triumph in the field,
Let every brawny arm, let fall his ſhield,
And break the Coward-ſword he dare not weild.

Not

Not thus you flie the daring ſhe by night;
Nor Goblets, that your drunken throats invite.
This is your choice, when with lewd Bacchanals,
Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when (it calls.
Thus having ſaid,——
He ſpurs, with headlong rage, among his Foes,
As if he only had his life to loſe.
And meeting *Venulus* his arms he claſps;
The armour dints beneath the furious graſps.
High from his Horſe the ſprawling Foe he rears,
And thwart his Courſers neck the prize he bears.
The *Trojans* ſhout, the *Latines* turn their eyes;
While ſwift as lightning airy *Tarchon* flies.
Who breaks his lance, and views his armour round
To find where he might fix the deadly wound;
The Foe writhes doubling backward on the horſe,
And to defend his throat oppoſes force to force.

As

As when an Eagle high his courſe does take,
And in his gripeing tallons, bears a Snake,
A thouſand folds the Serpent caſts and high
Setting his ſpeckled Scales, goes whiſtling thro' the (skie,
The fearleſs Bird, but deeper goars his prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy way,
So from the midſt of all his enemies,
Triumphant *Tarchon* ſnatch'd and bore his prize.
The Troops, that ſhrunk, with emulation, preſs
To reach his danger now, to reach at his ſucceſs.

Then *Aruns* doom'd, in ſpight of all his art,
Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his dart.
And, ſlily watching for his time, would try
To joyn his ſafety with his treachery.
Where e're her rage the bold *Camilla* ſends,
Their creeping *Aruns* ſilently attends.

When tir'd with conquering, ſhe retires from fight,
He ſteals about his Horſe, and keeps her in his ſight.
In all her rounds from him ſhe cannot part,
Who ſhakes his treacherous, but inevitable Dart.

Chloreus, the Prieſt of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whoſe hanches caſe,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and Braſs.
He clad in forreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* Arrows from a *Lycian* bow.
Gold was that bow, and Gold his Helmet too:
Gay were his upper Robes, which loſely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o're with ſomething rare,
And as he fought he gliſter'd every where.

Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or elſe to ſhine her ſelf in *Trojan* Gold:

Him

Him the fierce Maid purſues thro' all her Foes;
Regardleſs of the life ſhe did expoſe:
Him eyes alone, to other dangers blind,
And Manly force employs, to pleaſe a Virgins (mind.

His Dart now *Aruns*, from his ambuſh throws;
And thus to Heav'n he ſends his coward Vows.

Apollo, oh thou greateſt Deity!
Patron of bleſt *Soractis*, and of me;
(For we are all thy own, whole Woods of pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy Glory ſhine.
And when we trample on the fire, our ſoles,
By thee preſerv'd, contemn the glowing coals;)
My mighty Patron make me wipe away
The ſhame of this diſhonourable day.
Nor ſpoils nor triumph from the deed I claim
But truſt my future Actions with my fame.

This raging Female Plague but overcome,
Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home.

Apollo heard, to half his Pray'r inclin'd:
The reſt he mingles with the fleeting wind.
He gives *Camilla*'s ruin to his Pray'r:
To ſee his Country, that was loſt in Air.
As ſinging o're the field, the Javelin flies,
Upon the *Queen* the Army turn their eyes.
But ſhe, intent upon her golden prey,
Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hiſſing way,
Till in her ſide it takes its deadly reſt:
And drinks the Virgin purple of her breaſt.
The trembling *Amazons* run to her aid,
And in their Arms they catch the falling Maid.
More quick than they the frightned *Aruns* flies,
And feels a Terrour mingled with his joys.

He

He truſts no more his ſafety to his Spear;
Ev'n her expiring courage gives him fear.

So runs a Wolf ſmear'd with ſome Shepherds blood,
And ſtrives to gain the ſhelter of a Wood,
Before the Darts his panting ſides aſſail,
And claps between his Leggs his ſhivering Tail,
Conſcious of the audacious bloody deed,
As *Aruns* ſeeks his Troops ſtretch'd on his ſpeed,
Where in their Centre, quaking, he attends,
And skulks behind the Targets of his Friends.

She ſtrives to draw the Dart but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the wound the Weapon clung;
Then fainting roules in death her cloſing eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful beauty flies.

To *Acca* thus ſhe breaths her laſt of breath:
Acca that ſhar'd with her in all, but death:
Ah Friend! you once have ſeen me draw the bow,
But fate and darkneſs hover round me now.
Make haſte to *Turnus*, bid him bring with ſpeed
His freſh Reſerves, and to my charge ſucceed,
Cover the City, and repel the Foe.
Thus having ſaid, her hands the reins forego;
Down from her Horſe ſhe ſinks, then gaſping lies,
In a cold ſweat, and by degrees ſhe dyes:
Her drooping neck declines upon her breaſt,
Her ſwimming head with ſlumber is oppreſt;
The lingring ſoul th' unwelcom doom receives,
And mur'ring with diſdain, the beauteous Body leaves.

FINIS.